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D'Arcy of the Guards

BY

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN



SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York



D'ARCY OF THE GUARDS

A Play in Four Acts

BY
LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN

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D'ARCY OF THE GUARDS

CAST.

MAJOR JOHN D'ARCY.....	<i>Henry Miller</i>
COLONEL SIR EDWARD JENNISON....	<i>Arthur Elliott</i>
MAJOR DALRYMPLE.....	<i>George C. Pearce</i>
CAPTAIN DACIER.....	<i>Meriam Bruce</i>
CAPTAIN FARQUHAR.....	<i>Robert Earring</i>
CAPTAIN KELTER.....	<i>H. L. Forbes</i>
CAPTAIN GREGORY.....	<i>Walter Allen</i>
SERGEANT TRIPP.....	<i>James A. Leahy</i>
CAPTAIN MILLHAUSEN.....	<i>John Cooper</i>
CAPTAIN RAAB.....	<i>George Cornish</i>
CAPTAIN HENRY TOWNSEND....	<i>Charles F. Gotthold</i>
SAMUEL DAVIS.....	<i>Arthur Elliott</i>
SAMBO.....	<i>Otis Turner</i>
MRS. TOWNSEND.....	<i>Janet Barrington</i>
PAMELA TOWNSEND.....	<i>Florence Rockwell</i>
CYNTHIA DEANE.....	<i>Louise Wakelee</i>

(NOTE: By using the following doubles, the piece can be played by twelve (12) people.)

CAPTAIN KELTER..	<i>Doubles with</i>	CAPTAIN HENRY TOWNSEND
COLONEL SIR EDWARD JENNISON....	<i>Doubles with</i>	.. SAMUEL DAVIS
CAPTAIN DACIER.....	<i>Doubles with</i>	CAPTAIN RAAB
CAPTAIN FARQUHAR.....	<i>Doubles with</i>	CAPTAIN MILLHAUSEN

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. *Garden at the Townsend House.*

ACT II. *Library at the Townsend House.*

ACT III. *Same as ACT II.*

ACT IV. *Billiard room at the Townsend House.*

D'Arcy of the Guards

ACT I.

SCENE:—*Gardens of the Townsend House, Phila.*
'77-'78. *At R. large colonial house obliqued up and down stage from tormentor R. to R. 3. Hedgerow with C. arch, vine covered from U. corner of house across to L. 3, then obliqued down to L. 1. Flower bed C., tree, bench and table L. C. opposite L. 2.*

Lights at rise: Entire stage amber. Full up. Two red lamps R. and L. U. are reflected on back drop.

At rise drum and fife off L. "Yankee Doodle."

DISCOVERED:—SAMBO *enters from house carrying tray containing chocolate pot, three cups and saucers, small plate of cake and cake knife. Crosses to table L., placing tray on table. CYNTHIA up C.—looking off L. and coming down C.*

CYNTHIA. Oh, let me help you, Sambo.

SAMBO. (R. C.) Now, Miss Cynthia, you'd jus' better let dis ole nigger look arter dese sort o' tings hisself. You knows dat I is very pertickler 'bout sich important matters.

MRS. TOWNSEND. (L. of table L. C.) Let him fix them, Cynthia.

SAMBO. (Crosses to back of table L.) Besides,

who knows dis may be de las' mornin' dat we'll all be togedder in de old garden.

CYNTHIA and MRS. TOWNS. (C. and L. C.) What do you mean?

SAMBO. (*Behind table*) De British am shurely comin' today. Why last night down in de town, de streets were jes' filled with wagon loads and wag'n loads oh people jes' scurryin' fur der lives. I wanted Miss Pamela to let me hitch up but she wouldn't even listen.

MRS. TOWNS. (L. C.) Of course not.

SAMBO. (*Crossing to house*) Ob course not. Ob course not. Miss Pamela a very contrary-wise young lady. Reckon she wouldn't stay here at all if she thought there wasn't any danger.

CYNTHIA. (C.) Nonsense, Sambo, there isn't the slightest danger.

HARRY. (*From R. U. E., speaks outside*) Hello, there! (*Clank of sword*)

CYNTHIA. (*Going up c.*) What was that? Did you hear anything, Sambo?

SAMBO. (*Crosses R.*) I thought I heard something tinklin'.

(HARRY enters R. U. E. Meets CYNTHIA up c.)

CYNTHIA. Why, it's Harry.

(HARRY embraces CYNTHIA)

HARRY. Sweetheart! (*Goes down L. quickly to his mother*) Mother! (*Embraces her.* SAMBO coughs several times to attract notice. HARRY turns and sees him. Comes c., grasps his hand, shaking it cordially) Why, it's Sambo! (R. C.)

SAMBO. If it ain't Marsa Harry!

HARRY. Of course it is. Who did you think it was? (*Crosses to L. Half way then to MOTHER on "BRITISH soldiers"*)

CYNTHIA. (R.) He thought it was a whole regiment of British soldiers. Run in, Sambo, and tell Pamela.

HARRY. (L.) Yes, tell her, Sambo.

SAMBO. (*Crossing to house R.*) Bless de Lord, I never expected to see my young Marsa alive agen (*Exits into house R.* CYNTHIA *drops down R. on SAMBO'S exit*)

MRS. TOWNS. What are you doing here?

HARRY. It is the happiest chance. The General hurried me back this morning with important dispatches for one of our agents here. I've been in the saddles since five this morning.

CYNTHIA. (*To R. C. eagerly*) And the Army? You've not surrendered? It is safe?

HARRY. (*Crosses to R. C.*) Surrendered, dear? Never! They've driven us back inch by inch and beaten us, but they've paid dearly for their passage.

MRS. TOWNS. (L.) The way is clear for them then?

HARRY. The British will enter Philadelphia this morning. I wish you were all in some safer place. The town will be a perfect riot of soldiery with God knows what, to check them.

MRS. TOWNS. You must not worry for us, dear. Pamela will take care of us.

HARRY. Oh, I know, Pamela has the courage of a lion. But she is a woman after all.

MRS. TOWNS. Yes, that's true. (*Goes up L.*)

CYNTHIA. (R. C.) And Mr. Davis will be near at hand.

HARRY. (*c. impatiently*) A pretty protector! A Tory Quaker forever preaching his foolish nonresistance.

CYNTHIA. (R. C.) He has been very kind to us.

HARRY. (R. C. *Still with impatience*) Oh, yes, I know, but his kindness will, hardly impress the sensibilities of a Hessian Yaeger, or British Grenadier.

MRS. TOWNS. (*Crosses to L. c.*) You must not be afraid for us, dear. What harm could come to us here in the heart of the city?

HARRY. (c.) I can't help but fear for you, can I? All that is dearest to me in the world—mother, sister, sweetheart, shut up here in Philadelphia in the hands of the enemy. Oh, if Pamela had but listened to reason. (c.) And let me have moved you to some place of safety.

(MRS. TOWNSEND *turns up L.*)

CYNTHIA. (R. c. *Crosses to HARRY. Aside*) You know, dear, Aunt Clarissa could not have stood any journey.

HARRY. (c. *Fretfully*) I know, I know, which frightens me all the more for her safety here. Have you missed me, sweetheart?

CYNTHIA. Missed you, Harry? Oh, how I have missed you!

HARRY. (*Aside to CYNTHIA*) Did you get the packet I sent the early part of the week?

CYNTHIA. Yes. I have read it a hundred times. I keep it——

HARRY. You keep it?

CYNTHIA. Here, where I may feel it every minute of the day. (*Drawing letter from her bodice*)

HARRY. (c. *putting his arm about her fondly and trying to kiss her. She turns from him to R. c.*) Cynthia!

(PAMELA *enters from house. Sees HARRY.*)

PAMELA. Harry! (*Coming to him quickly c.*)

HARRY. (*Holding her in his arms and kissing her fondly*) Dearest Pamela.

(MRS. TOWNSEND *comes to table and fills the cups.*)

PAMELA. (R. c.) There is no ill news?

HARRY. (C.) The British will occupy the town today.

PAMELA. Today?

HARRY. They may be here at any minute.

PAMELA. And you?

HARRY. You must thank their tardiness for seeing me. I couldn't have stopped had they been here.

MRS. TOWNS. (*At table L. Has filled two cups of chocolate, holding them out to HARRY. Gives HARRY one—offers the other to PAMELA. She hands it to CYNTHIA. MRS. TOWNSEND goes to table*) Harry!

HARRY. (*Going toward her L., taking cup, sits R. of table. (CYNTHIA sits R.)* Thank you, mother. I have a hard ride before me. The General sent me in with important dispatches for Mr. Reid. I expected to find the enemy already here.

(MRS. TOWNSEND *sits L. of the table—on tree seat.*)

PAMELA. (*Stands back of his chair*) Where are you?

HARRY. (L. C.) Headquarters at Chester. I don't know the General's plan, but I think once Sir William Howe and Lord Cornwallis have arrived in Philadelphia, they'll find some trouble leaving it. Dear Mother, I am so anxious for you and the girls.

MRS. TOWNS. (L.) Never fear, Harry. The British would not molest such a harmless old lady. Aunt Pamela and Cynthia will take good care of me.

CYNTHIA. (C.) That we will, dear aunt—

HARRY. (L. C.) If, as I think, the General's plan is to sit down and watch, I'll not be far away and will see you often.

PAMELA. You must risk it, Harry.

(CYNTHIA *crosses on "that we will"—goes up and looks off C. and R. Crosses back to L. puts cup on table and crosses back to R.*)

HARRY. No one knows the country hereabouts as I do, Pamela. A hundred different paths will bring me, that they know nothing of.

MRS. TOWNS. (L.) There are dangers enough on every hand for my boy, without his seeking new ones.

(CYNTHIA comes down R. C.)

HARRY. (L., putting cup on table, fondly to his mother) Never fear, dear mother. (Turns facing the girls) Pamela, neither you nor Cynthia must venture out alone.

PAMELA. (C.) Foolish boy, we'll take care of ourselves. The British are not ogres. They'll not eat us.

CYNTHIA. (R. C. laughing) They had better not try. You should see Pamela, Harry, with the new pistols you gave her before you went away. Every night when Sambo is locking up, she stalks beside him, a pistol in either hand as fierce as any grenadier. She will join the army yet, if we don't watch her, Aunt.

PAMELA. Oh, if I were but a man, I'd—(PAMELA goes up C.)

CYNTHIA. Why let a little matter of sex deter you? You shoot and ride as well as Harry now, and I've no doubt, would soon handle his sabre better.

HARRY. You're a sad tease, Cynthia.

PAMELA. (Who has gone up to the gate C. Coming down R. C.) Oh, it's horrible to sit here, day in and day out with one's hands in one's lap doing nothing, nothing, nothing.

HARRY. (Soothingly) There, there, you may be able to do something yet, Pamela.

PAMELA. I hope so. ("BUGLE" CALL L. in distance)

(They all listen intently. HARRY, after a moment's pauses, speaks. MRS. TOWNSEND rises.)

HARRY. (L. C. to MOTHER) Ah, they are coming at last. I must be on the move.

(At this moment SAMUEL DAVIS enters through gate at U. C. R. He is a tall, distinguished-looking QUAKER, well past middle life, his hair streaked with gray, coughs as he comes down stage. HARRY turns quickly as if to draw his sabre.)

CYNTHIA. (R. seeing the action) Oh, it's only Mr. Davis, Harry.

HARRY. Why, so it is. (He laughs and shakes hands with MR. DAVIS cordially, as he comes down)

DAVIS. (C.) Would'st thee draw thy weapon on thy oldest friend? (To the ladies) Good evening friends, this is a family group I scarce expected to find.

MRS. TOWNS. (L.) Our boy has surprised us all, Friend Davis.

DAVIS. What is thee doing here, Harry? Does thee bring Mr. Washington's terms of surrender?

HARRY. (Who is L. with his mother, smiling) No, but General Washington (Accenting the GENERAL) is at any time willing to submit terms of surrender to my Lord Howe.

PAMELA. (R. C.) What is this, Harry? (Angrily)

(Ready DRUM and BUGLE.)

DAVIS. (Who is C., while the ladies, CYNTHIA and PAMELA, are on his R., looks at them and then eagerly to HARRY, in amazement) Is that so, Harry? Ah, does thee know it to be so?

HARRY. (L. C.) I would stake my life upon it.

DAVIS. (C. with great pleasure) This is great news thee brings, and what are the terms?

HARRY. (Coolly) I think the General would grant Sir William Howe the same terms that Gen'l Gates gave to Burgoyne last month at Saratoga.

DAVIS. What does thee mean?

HARRY. I mean that nothing but the complete capitulation of Sir William Howe and his army would satisfy General Washington.

PAMELA. (*Laughing*) Oh, Harry, what a hoax you are?

DAVIS. (*Angrily*) Art thou mad, boy?

HARRY. On the contrary. It's only a question of time. You had better come over to us before it's too late.

DAVIS. Never!

(*Ready DRUM and BUGLE.*)

HARRY. (*Going to him and giving him his hand*) Well, dear old friend, we won't quarrel at this late day over difference of opinion.

DAVIS. Thou wilt live to accept mine.

HARRY. (*Bravely*) I trust not. (*Second's pause*) But there, there—you have been too good to me and mine for me ever to forget.

DAVIS. Oh, *rubbish*, boy, *rubbish*.

(“DRUM-BUGLE.” *There is a roll of drums, flare of bugles in the distance. They all listen.*

DAVIS *goes up to gate c. Continue bugles until after his exit.*)

HARRY. I must be off, now. That sounds too near for comfort. (*Going to his MOTHER L.*) Good-bye, mother dear. It will not be for long. (*Embraces her tenderly*)

MRS. TOWNS. (*L. bravely*) God bless and keep you, my boy.

HARRY. (*Crosses to PAMELA. Going to PAMELA, kissing her*) Goodbye, little sister, be careful and don't go much about the town.

PAMELA. Never fear for me, brother.

HARRY. (*Crosses PAMELA to CYNTHIA R. Tak-*

ing CYNTHIA in his arms) Goodbye, goodbye, sweet-heart. (*Kissing her*)

CYNTHIA. Goodbye. (*Sinks on settee down R.*)

HARRY. (*Going to DAVIS, who is standing L. of gate c., taking his hand impulsively*) Goodbye, old friend—I know you will watch over them for me.

(PAMELA goes to CYNTHIA R.)

DAVIS. I promise thee, lad, I promise thee.

HARRY. Goodbye all, goodbye. (*He hurriedly exits back of hedgerow R. Drum and fife effect sets up louder and louder until after his exit, then gradually dies away. MRS. TOWNSEND goes up to house, PAMELA tries to soothe CYNTHIA down R., who is crying. CYNTHIA and PAMELA go to house. Bus. CYNTHIA exits into house*)

DAVIS. (*Coming down c. Trying hard not to show his emotion*) Drat the boy, I could stand it if he were fighting on the other side.

PAMELA. (*Crosses with her MOTHER R.*) Now don't let us enter into a discussion of the divine right of kings. (*She has taken her mother from the seat L., led her up on the steps of house R. As they are about to enter turns to MR. DAVIS*) You will sup with us, Mr. Davis?

DAVIS. (C.) No, thank thee, dear, I have business to attend to. Good evening, Mrs. Townsend, no offence at my hard words. Thee knows I love thy boy.

MRS. TOWNS. (*At door of house*) Old friends have the privilege of free speech. (*Exit into house—PAMELA stops at steps*)

DAVIS. (C. *Calling to PAMELA, who is also about to exit*) I want to speak to thee a moment, Pamela.

PAMELA. I'll be in in a moment, mother dear.

MRS. TOWNS. All right dear.

PAMELA. (*Closes door, comes down steps to R. c.*) What is it, Mr. Davis? Can I do anything for you?

DAVIS. (L. c.) Not for me, Pamela, but for thy-

self. I do not wish to frighten thy mother or Cynthia, but I came here this evening to tell thee that the British will take possession of thy house.

PAMELA. Take possession of our house? What do you mean?

DAVIS. Thy house is too well situated to escape requisition. I heard that two officers serving on the staff of Lord Cornwallis were to be quartered there.

PAMELA. Who are they?

DAVIS. An English surgeon, Captain—Oh something or other and Major D'Arcy of the Guards, an Irishman.

PAMELA. An Irishman? Oh, an Irishman!

DAVIS. I'm afraid it is too true.

PAMELA. I would rather they had filled our house with Hessians.

DAVIS. That is why I wish to remove thee to a place of safety.

PAMELA. We shall not move one inch. (*Crosses to house R.*)

DAVIS. I see no alternative, my dear.

PAMELA. (*On the steps of house*) Now, Mr. Davis, I thank you for your thoughtfulness, but we may be able to subdue this Irish brave. I can see him, a swaggering bully, a military coxcomb, with the manners of a peasant, the language of a trooper and the air of a conqueror.

DAVIS. Thee must not stay here, Pamela.

PAMELA. We must. Irishman or Hessian, we will stay till we are driven out. (*Loud and discordant laughter heard off L. They both listen. As it ceases*)

RAAB. (*Off stage*) That's a nice house, I think we shall like it.

(*DAVIS turns up toward the gate as CAPT. RAAB and CAPT. MILLHAUSEN enter through gate C. from L. PAMELA remains on steps.*)

MILLHAUSEN. (*Down L. C. to DAVIS*) Are you the rebel owner of this house?

DAVIS. (*Down R. C.*) I am neither the owner of this house, nor am I a rebel.

RAAB. (*Standing in centre of gate, laughing, coarsely*) You can't escape us, old shoebuckles, by denying your colors.

MILL. (*Who has dropped down to table L., sees cake on tray, takes up a piece and munches it*) No, that he can't and this pretty maid? Does she belong with the house? (*Sits L. of table L.* PAMELA draws herself up haughtily) Coy, are you? We'll change all that before long, eh, Raab?

RAAB. (*Coming down C.*) That will we, Captain. The spoils of war, eh?

MILL. (*Seated at table L.*) Good! But come, old man, we shall want all your keys. I trust your cellars are in good condition?

DAVIS. (*R. C.*) I tell thee, I am not the owner of this house.

PAMELA. (*On steps*) I am in charge of this house.

MILL. (*L.*) Ah! You, my pretty one. So much the better!

PAMELA. (*Comes down steps*) By what authority do you force yourself on our hospitality?

RAAB. (*Coming towards C.*) You use big words, my maid.

MILL. (*L.*) By the authority of our strong arm. You are ours!

(*DAVIS goes up C. to MILLHAUSEN.*)

PAMELA. (*Comes down R. C.*) I shall report your insolence to Sir William Howe and he'll have you publicly whipped.

MILL. (*Who has been seated, on chair L. starts toward her*) Ha, my little wildcat! I see we shall have to tame you! (*Takes her by the hand and swings*

her to L. C. RAAB gets to the foot of steps. DAVIS has turned up C. a little)

RAAB. That we shall. (*He goes to foot of steps. DAVIS steps between PAMELA and MILLHAUSEN*)

MILL. Out of the way, old fool.

DAVIS. (L. C. *Calmly*) I said I was not the owner of this house, but I am in a certain way the guardian of its inmates. (*To PAMELA*) Pamela, thee had better go in to Cynthia.

MILL. (L. C. *Angrily*) Stand aside!

DAVIS. (*Pushes him back*) I don't wish to talk to thee. (*Crosses to RAAB, who has got in front of door*) Thee had better let the young woman pass.

MILL. (*Coming down on DAVIS, L. Drawing sabre, rushing at DAVIS*) By heavens, I'll split you like a chicken!

(DAVIS puts up his cane, holding him off. They stand in this attitude)

DAVIS. (C.) If thee doesn't put up thy sword, I'll take it from thee and break it.

RAAB. (R.) Curse his insolence, Millhausen. Run the rebel through.

MILL. (L. C.) I will. (*Lunges at DAVIS with his sword. DAVIS defends himself with his cane. PAMELA crosses in front to R. to steps. RAAB crosses at back to L.*)

(MAJOR D'ARCY and CAPTAIN GREGORY enter quickly from C. L. DAVIS retires up by steps)

D'ARCY (C.) Hello, hello, hello, what does this mean?

(MILLHAUSEN gives way. RAAB joins him down L. DAVIS steps back. PAMELA comes down steps to D'ARCY, who is C.)

PAMELA. (R. C.) Oh, sir! (D'ARCY turns and

faces her. They look at each other. There is an instant's pause, then) I thank you.

D'ARCY. (C. *Bowing very low*) I trust you will pardon this intrusion, Madam. I am afraid I am interrupting your friend's morning broadsword exercise.

PAMELA. (R. C. DAVIS *up R.*) You have interrupted two minions in an infamous attack on an unarmed old gentleman.

D'ARCY (C.) Oh, is that so, my dear young lady. Faith, handsome does as handsome is, and they are not much to look at, are they Greg?

GREGORY. (L. C. *Aside, querulously*) For heaven's sake, Jack, don't pick up a quarrel.

D'ARCY. (*Aside to GREGORY*) Hush, man, I am dying for a fight.

MILL. (L. *Who has recovered from his discomfiture*) Oh, who the devil are you?

D'ARCY. I am Major D'Arcy of the Grenadier Guards. (*As he mentions his name, PAMELA, who has been standing by him, turns, throws her head up and rushes up steps R.*) And I'll thank you for a trifle more civility.

RAAB. (L. *Gruffly*) You be——

D'ARCY. Tut, tut, man! Not in the presence of a lady. Madam—(*Turns, expecting to find PAMELA at his elbow, locates her on the step, bows extravagantly*) Madam, may I beg of you to withdraw? These gent—a hem! I mean these officers—are evidently not accustomed to the presence of your sex.

PAMELA. (*On the steps R.*) It is a pity that his Majesty is forced to require such unpresentable allies.

D'ARCY. (C. *Bowing*) Madam, I heartily agree with you. (*PAMELA courtesies and exits into house R. DAVIS coming down to R. corner. To GREGORY*) She had us there, Greg, my boy.

RAAB. (*Angrily, stepping toward D'ARCY*) Damn your impudence!

MILL. (*At his back*) Yes, you shall answer to us for this!

(DAVIS *who has watched the nonchalant D'ARCY, with a sort of fascination, recovers himself*)

DAVIS. (R) I beg of you, gentlemen, that this shall go no further.

D'ARCY. (R. c.) I don't know your name, old Mr. Drabclothes, but you've had *your* fun, and I won't be cheated out of mine. I never permit insolence from mustaches. It's ill luck, eh, Greg?

GREG. (L. c.) For Heaven's sake, Jack, what will the General say?

MILL. (*Going up to gate c.*) My second will call upon you to-day.

RAAB. (*Going up to gate c.*) And mine! Where are you quartered?

(*They go up to gate. D'ARCY follows GREGORY, taking the L.*)

D'ARCY. My friend, Capt. Gregory, will make all arrangements for me. We shall be quartered here. The top of the morning to you.

(*They exeunt at gate c. off L., muttering threats.*)

DAVIS. (R.) I pray thee, sir, to reconsider this.

D'ARCY. (*Up c.*) Tut, tut, sir, I won't hurt them. I'll only teach them good manners.

DAVIS. (R.) Did thee say thee and thy friends would be quartered here?

D'ARCY. (*Coming down c.*) Yes, and very fair quarters they are, too. I trust we will not incommode the ladies.

DAVIS. (R. c.) It is that I would speak to thee about. Mrs. Townsend, her daughter and nieces are quite alone here. Mrs. Townsend is an invalid

and the occupation of her house, I fear, will distress her greatly.

GREG. (L. c.) You don't think we would hurt the women! We're not Hessians!

DAVIS. My house is but a quarter of a mile away—it is at thy disposal.

D'ARCY. (C.) Thy house, sir?

DAVIS. (R. c.) The house of Samuel Davis.

D'ARCY. (C.) Samuel Davis! It is already occupied, my very good sir.

DAVIS. (R. *Astounded*) Occupied! Why, I am a Royalist!

GREG. (L. c.) Then you will be overjoyed to hear that my Lord Cornwallis has his headquarters there.

D'ARCY. (C.) Tell me, my good sir, was that Mrs. Townsend I just had the honor of addressing?

DAVIS. Nay. That was Miss Pamela Townsend. Mrs. Townsend's daughter.

D'ARCY. Ah, Pamela!—(*To DAVIS*) Well, my very good sir, I like the way you handled those rascally Dutchmen. Your friends will be much safer with us in the house than on the outside. We will serve to keep such vermin out, and will give them very little trouble. Two bedrooms—(*DAVIS starts for the door*) and a sitting room—(*He stops*) is all that we require.

DAVIS. (*On steps*) I thank thee, sir, for thy consideration. (*Exits hurriedly into the house as if anxious to escape any further demands. The moment he is gone, D'ARCY turns rapturously to GREGORY*)

D'ARCY. (R. c.) Greg, my boy, she's a duchess in disguise.

GREG. (L. c.) Who is a duchess in disguise?

D'ARCY. Ah, you lump of ice. You're as luke warm as weak tea. Didn't you notice the girl with the grand manner and the foot like a fairy?

GREG. And a tongue like a rapier.

D'ARCY. (R. c.) Sure, you're an ungallant lout.

like the rest of your countrymen. My lady has the gift of language and uses it.

GREG. (L. c.) She must be Irish!

D'ARCY. Faith, I can account for her in no other way!

GREG. No filandering, Jack!

D'ARCY. You're vulgar, Capt. Gregory.

GREG. I wish to the Devil, you had not quarreled with those fellows.

D'ARCY. Don't worry, Greg. They're as clumsy as Englishmen, and I won't hurt them.

GREG. You don't seem to realize that being on Lord Cornwallis' side, demands discretion.

D'ARCY. Discretion, is it? Sure, there's no such word in Irish?

GREG. Your father would never see you again if you disgraced yourself.

D'ARCY. He wouldn't recognize me as a son of his if I didn't.

GREG. Oh, Jack, you're never serious.

D'ARCY. No, I'm an Irishman. (*Crosses L.*)

GREG. (c. *In a pet*) I refuse to act as your second.

D'ARCY. (L. c. *Wheedles him*) Now, Greg, dear, you're behaving unhandsomely. I've only had three fights ever since we landed in New York, seven months ago.

GREG. And each time you swore to me it would be the last.

D'ARCY. And I kept my oath.

GREG. (*In disgust*) You kept your oath.

D'ARCY. I did, I did. Each time was the last time. Don't you see that Greg? (*Laughs*) Come, Greg, just this once. What, would you have those Dutch beggars laughing at the guards?

GREG. (*Wavering*) You'll not hurt 'em?

D'ARCY. Upon me honor, Greg, I'll only disarm them.

GREG. Jack D'Arcy, you'll ruin me along with

yourself. You wouldn't have bothered your head about those rascals, if it hadn't been for the little rebel wench inside.

D'ARCY. Greg, she's a lady. Rebel, or no rebel, and no Irish gentleman would stand by and see her insulted. (*Crosses R.*)

GREG. You will have your hands full, if you're going to protect every little American who has a neat ankle and a pretty mouth.

D'ARCY. I shall take it unkindly, Greg, if you make any more disparaging remarks about the Duchess.

GREG. Have it your own way. (*Drops down L. C.*)

(*Change from SUNSET to MOONLIGHT.*)

D'ARCY. (C.) You'll second me?

GREG. I will. Have I ever refused?

D'ARCY. (*Taking his hand*) No, you're a jewel! And now scatter yourself and look after our luggage. I'll go in and arrange matters with our hostess.

GREG. (*Laughing*) Our hostess. Jack, you're incorrigible!

D'ARCY. (*Gaily*) Go on with you, don't be calling me names! (*GREGORY goes up to gate C. D'ARCY walks up with him*) Hurry back, I'm in the hands of the enemy. (*PAMELA appears at door of house. GREGORY in dumb show, calls D'ARCY's attention to her. He looks at her*) Greg, my boy, I was mistaken. She's not a duchess in disguise. She's every inch a queen. (*GREGORY starts to go. Aside*) Greg, I'll find out if she's Irish.

(*GREGORY exits L., choking with laughter. PAMELA closes door of house, comes down steps, crosses to table L., hears D'ARCY behind her, turns as he takes off his hat and advances toward her.*)

D'ARCY. The fortunes of war, Miss Townsend, throw us upon your bounty.

PAMELA. The fortunes of war make us unwilling hosts.

D'ARCY. 'Tis the order of my chief that forces your hospitality. Lord Cornwallis has directed me and Capt. Gregory to lodge here.

PAMELA. I do not wish to seem ungracious, nor unmindful of your chivalrous defence of my cousin and myself, but I cannot forget that you are an enemy of my country and I hate your being here.

D'ARCY. Oh, my dear young lady, you make me feel no better than one of those rascally Hessians.

PAMELA. (*Naively*) Oh, you are better than they.

D'ARCY. I thank you for the slightest commendation, though it comes from the most odious of comparisons.

PAMELA. We judge a man by his friends—a soldier by his allies.

D'ARCY. (c.) Faith, and you're quite right. And I am thinking it will raise the people's opinion of the Dutchman, if they measure 'em by the company they're keeping now.

PAMELA. (L. c. *Smiling in spite of herself*) I suppose we should be thankful that they are not to be our guests.

D'ARCY. I shall twist that into a half welcome at least.

(PAMELA turns defiantly.)

PAMELA. Heaven forbid that a British uniform should have even a half welcome to our house.

D'ARCY. I was never before tempted to desert me colors.

PAMELA. Would that the temptation were strong enough.

D'ARCY. Ah, Miss Townsend, the prestige of the British army would disappear entirely if it were subjected to it.

PAMELA. I know of nothing that I would more gladly see disappear. (*She takes up the tray and turns toward the house*) Whatever you and Capt. Gregory need shall be freely given. (*Facing D'ARCY, with the tray in her hand*)

D'ARCY. (*Pointing to the tray*) Will it? Might I ask for a dish of tea?

PAMELA. You evidently forget, Major D'Arcy, that tea is a beverage which Americans have decided to do without.

D'ARCY. If you'll allow me to say it, I think you sadly muddled your own interests.

PAMELA. We kept our principles clear.

D'ARCY. And what's the good of principle without interest?

(PAMELA turns back, places tray on table L.)

PAMELA. A tradesman's argument.

D'ARCY. (*Good humoredly*) Faith, so it is and I'll adjure it. But being an Irishman, a fight's a fight, whatever the cause of it may be.

PAMELA. I can offer you nothing but a dish of cold chocolate.

D'ARCY. Well, every soldier has to learn to take his medicine. (*Takes the cup*) And it is seldom he has it from the hands of so fair a physician. (*Sips it, looks at her smiling*) Nectar! (*Turns away and makes a wry face*)

PAMELA. Were I one, my prescription for you and your friends would be plenty of powder. (*Crosses back to table*)

D'ARCY. Why, Miss Townsend, that's our favorite diet.

PAMELA. I am sorry that your entry into Philadelphia has not been more to your taste.

(WARN CURTAIN.)

(Ready BAND and DRUM and FIFE R.)

D'ARCY. (*Holding up his cup*) I admit, our reception has been cold. (*Sipping the chocolate again*) But nevertheless, it's rather sweet. (PAMELA *turns sharply*) I mean the chocolate.

PAMELA. Your pleasure at being here, Major D'Arcy, is the measure of our regret.

D'ARCY. No, no, it's not possible, that anyone could regret anything so much.

PAMELA. (*Turns. Petulantly*) Are you blind?

D'ARCY. (*Interrupting*) It's only dazzled I am.

PAMELA. (*Advancing to D'ARCY*) Can you realize what it means to us, to us—to have our town over-run, our very houses invaded by such a rabble as you so fortunately saved us from?

D'ARCY. (*With mock fear*) Would you take the cup? (*She takes it and goes back to table*) And all because we have a slight difference of opinion. Do you know, Miss Townsend, that I think if King George and his Counsellors, and this Mr. Washington of yours, and his, were to let you and me sit here quietly in this old garden and talk the matter over, we could arrange the little difficulty very amicably.

PAMELA. I am afraid you would have to make too many concessions, Major D'Arcy.

D'ARCY. (*Quickly*) I'd concede everything entirely. You should have all the tea the Indians could send you. Stamps wouldn't cost you a penny and I'd have a special seat with a canopy constructed for you in the House of Commons, and when you journeyed to London to assume your prerogatives, you should be treated in right royal fashion. The Mall on a fine morning, presentation to his gracious Majesty at St. James' why you should have a court all to yourself and there would be no lack of courtiers. Tell me, do my terms appeal to you, Miss Townsend?

(PAMELA *has stood looking into vacancy, fascinated. suddenly picks up tray.*)

PAMELA. Your fancy carries you far. (*Crosses towards house*)

D'ARCY. (*Following her up*) I wish it might carry me farther, and that *we might be friends*. (*She has reached the foot of the steps and turns as if to speak, when the strains of "Rule Britannia" played off L. by military band, comes faintly to her ears, she straightens up and very sternly*)

PAMELA. (R.) We might be friends, but we are enemies!

D'ARCY. Then be a kindly one and permit me to serve you. (*He takes the tray. Fife and drum corps strike up "Yankee Doodle" from the R. in the distance. They listen attentively. Moment's pause. PAMELA raises her head proudly, turns, marches up stage, throws open the door and exits into house*)

(*FIFE and DRUM R.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

(*At cue: " Might I ask for a dish of tea " Sunset effect commences, works down to blue on entire stage; at end of act have amber bunch light back of door so light strikes D'ARCY when PAMELA opens door in house at end of act.*)

ACT II.

SCENE:—*The Library or book room of the Townsend house; a morning three months later.*

A large comfortable room panelled high in cream colored wood. There are doors at upper and lower L. The upper door leads to the main entrance door of the house; the lower door to the apartment occupied by MAJOR D'ARCY and GREGORY. A door at upper R. leads to the apartment occupied by the Townsends. At R. center is a huge fire-place with andirons and burning logs. A mantel shelf stands high over this, on which, at either end, are elaborate candelabra, and in the center a clock. At back R. and L. are long windows reaching to the floor and through which the garden may be seen. A long mahogany sofa stands between these windows, and over it hangs an old mirror. A large mahogany table stands L. C. with writing materials, quills, ink, etc., etc. There are several chairs about and book shelves fill several of the wall spaces. Long curtains in old rose, hang at the windows and the sofa and chairs are upholstered in green velvet. GREGORY'S cloak and hat on chair R. of table.

DISCOVERED:—PAMELA and CYNTHIA may be seen off back passing the windows from R. to L. They stop for a second at the window L. and look in, then disappear. A moment later they enter from door upper R. They are both in furs and carry the quaint long muffs of the old time.

CYNTHIA. (R. C. rushes towards the fire and

spreads her fingers to the blaze) I'm frozen stiff, Pamela.

PAMELA. (C.) You don't walk fast enough, I'm all in a glow.

CYNTHIA. Your nose is as pink as a cherry.

PAMELA. It isn't, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA. (*Rubbing her own*) Well it should be. I know mine is.

PAMELA. (*Going to her and pinching her ear. CYNTHIA stands with skirt drawn up, one foot on the fender*) Little Malepert!

CYNTHIA. Ouch! (*They both laugh*) Pamela, I thought surely we would have had some word from Harry this week.

PAMELA. (C.) Don't worry, dear. He's cooped up there at Valley Forge fretting himself sick to see us.

CYNTHIA. (*At fire-place R. C.*) It is nearly six weeks since he has last got through.

PAMELA. (*At table L. C. laughing*) And then you made him promise never to risk it again.

CYNTHIA. I know Pamela, but don't you think he should come to see Aunt Clarissa—and you?

PAMELA. Little Hoax! What a lovelorn maiden she is. We know he's safe.

CYNTHIA. (C. *comes down towards her*) It is ten days since we've had word.

PAMELA. Oh, there's no need to worry dear. (*Glancing at the clock on mantelpiece*) Heigho, it's past eleven. I suppose our lodgers have departed for their morning's arduous duties. (*Impatiently*) Oh, when are we to get rid of that insufferable Irish dandy and his medical companion?

CYNTHIA. We might change lodgers and fare worse.

PAMELA. (*Bored*) I can hardly conceive of it.

CYNTHIA. You evidently forget the Hessians.

PAMELA. Ugh! Don't mention those creatures. (*Crossing to fire-place up R. C.*)

CYNTHIA. And yet it was the Irish dandy that saved us from them, and at peril of his life, too.

PAMELA. (*Perverse*) Pshaw!

CYNTHIA. You are unkind, Pamela. Didn't he fight both of those horrible men? (*Sits c.*)

PAMELA. Oh, that was nothing. Any man would have done the same. He wasn't hurt.

CYNTHIA. (*Looking over to door L. 1 E.*) No, but they were, and he came very near being Court Martialled as Mr. Davis told us.

PAMELA. (*Stooping to her—taking CYNTHIA'S chin in her hand*) You dear little coz are you going over to the enemy?

CYNTHIA. No, but I believe in giving the devil his due.

PAMELA. (*Crossing to L. C.*) Don't worry about the devil, dear; he will take care of himself and his own.

CYNTHIA. They have been very kind and considerate. Capt. Gregory has helped Aunt Clarissa a great deal.

PAMELA. I don't object to the doctor; his profession is a merciful one. But that coxcomb Major D'Arcy with his fine London airs and his red coats drive me to frenzy. And that brogue. (*Puts her fingers to her ears with a comical air*) Oh, that brogue!

CYNTHIA. (*Laughing*) It should plead for him; it's not English.

PAMELA. No, but it's British.

CYNTHIA. (*Coming down L. c.*) You're relentless.

PAMELA. (*Crosses to her*) As long as we are prisoners.

CYNTHIA. Well, it can't last forever.

PAMELA. The day they evacuate the city, I shall begin to like them. When they sail for England I shall adore them.

CYNTHIA. A fine way to love your enemies.
(*Crosses to R.*)

PAMELA. The most beautiful in the world, dear;
at a distance. (*Going up to fire*)

(SAMBO, a darkey servant in quiet livery, enters from
door at L. 3 E. with a letter in his hand.)

CYNTHIA. (R.) What is it, Sambo?

SAMBO. A letter for Miss Pamela. (*Going to
PAMELA and then back to door down L. 3 E.*)

PAMELA. (*Down C. taking the letter*) For me,
Sambo? (*Looking at it*) Why it is from Harry,
Cynthia.

CYNTHIA. (*Coming to her R.*) From Harry?

PAMELA. Yes. (*Breaks the seal*) Who left it,
Sambo?

SAMBO. A farmer gave it to Cicely at the gate, and
went right off.

CYNTHIA. (*Looking over PAMELA'S shoulder*)
What does he say, Pamela?

PAMELA. (*Scanning the note, eagerly*) All is
well, he is coming.

SAMBO. (*At door L. 3 E.*) Excuse me—excuse me,
is Massa Harry well, Miss?

PAMELA. (*Going up to fire R. C.*) Yes, Sambo.

SAMBO. Thank the Lord for that, Miss Pamela.
(*Exits L. 3 E.*)

CYNTHIA. (*Going up to PAMELA*) Quick, dear
Pamela; read it to me. It is cruel to keep me in
suspense.

PAMELA. (*In front of fire. Reading*) “Dearest
Sis:—I just have a chance of getting word through to
you. I only write to say that I hope to be with you
as soon as this. I shall leave the camp before day-
break to-morrow morning——”

CYNTHIA. That's to-day.

PAMELA. So it is. The date is yesterday the
28th.

CYNTHIA. Please read on. You are so slow Pamela.

PAMELA. Who interrupted, pray?

CYNTHIA. I'll not do it again if you'll go on.

(The door at lower L. opens and GREGORY enters just as PAMELA continues reading the letter. They are quite unconscious of his entrance and stand with their backs to him.)

PAMELA. *(Continuing to read)* "I shall leave camp before daybreak to-morrow morning, disguised as——"

GREGORY. *(Coughs)* Ahem, ladies.

(CYNTHIA gives a little cry, PAMELA crushes the letter in her hand as they turn toward GREGORY.)

PAMELA. *(Moves forward. Composed and unconcerned)* Good morning, Captain Gregory.

GREG. (L.) Good morning to you, Miss Townsend, and to you, Miss Deane. I hope I am not intruding?

CYNTHIA. Oh, not at all.

PAMELA. We are hugging the fire after our walk.

GREG. It's a bitter day. I trust your mother is well this morning?

PAMELA. Very well thank you, Doctor. We are going to her now. Come, Cynthia. *(Crossing to door R. 1 E.)*

GREG. I'm driving you away.

CYNTHIA. Oh, no indeed. We were just going when you entered.

GREG. My compliments to Madame Townsend.

PAMELA. Thank you.

(As they are about to exit PAMELA drops the letter on the floor. GREGORY notices it and is about to step forward to pick it up, but changes his

mind. PAMELA and CYNTHIA pass out at door R. 1 E. As the door closes behind them, GREGORY stoops and picks up the letter. He is standing looking at the superscription when D'ARCY enters from lower L. 1 E. He is very smartly dressed in uniform and like GREGORY, carries a military great coat over his arm.)

D'ARCY. (*Evidently in a bad humor*) Hello, Greg. Not gone yet? (*Enters from lower L. and crossing in front of GREGORY—drops cloak and hat on chair R. to fire up R. C.*)

GREGORY. (C.) No, I'm trying to thaw out. Devilish cold climate this.

D'ARCY. (*Up R. Standing before the fire*) I believe these damned Americans would make it warm enough for us, if we'd only give 'em a show.

GREGORY. (L. C.) Well, you'll have your chance to-morrow.

D'ARCY. (*Up R. C.*) Yes, worse luck.

GREGORY. What's the matter, Jack?

D'ARCY. Oh, nothing's the matter; don't bother a fellow.

GREG. (*With concern. Crossing to D'ARCY*) Jack, I believe you're not well.

D'ARCY. Go on. You want to physic me. Well I'm not well.

GREG. What is it? (*Turning D'ARCY around*)

D'ARCY. (*With a twinkle in his eye, which GREGORY doesn't notice. He is too much engrossed in his professional point of view*) I have some sort of trouble here. (*Puts his hand to his heart*)

GREG. Your heart?

D'ARCY. Where it ought to be.

GREG. Nonsense, you're as sound as a horse. (*Crosses from him to L.*)

D'ARCY. Well, I ought to know.

GREG. (L. C.) Tell me about it. What are your symptoms?

D'ARCY. Well, Greg, my appetite seems to be disappearing, and I'm losing interest in everything. (*Crossing R. to C.*)

GREG. I've noticed it.

D'ARCY. And whenever I'm with a certain person. I have a tremendous palpitation in my heart.

GREG. Jack D'Arcy, are you going away? (*Crossing to L. of table*)

D'ARCY. Maybe it's the same thing, Greg. I'm in love.

GREG. (*Sitting down in astonishment*) Well, I'll be damned. (*Sitting L. of table*) Do you mean to say that you've worked me up to an operation pitch, with nothing but a tale of love sickness?

D'ARCY. You seem to think it's nothing serious.

GREG. What, if it is serious? You don't suppose that I keep love draughts on tap, do you?

D'ARCY. Ah, Gregy, you're unkind to me. You have no sentiment.

GREG. (*Rising, going toward D'ARCY*) Who is it—this time?

D'ARCY. (C.) I resent your "this time" Captain Gregory, you know better than anyone, that I wasn't serious the last time with Lady Betty Grey, or the time before with Miss Germaine, or even with the Countess of Clew.

GREG. (L. C. *laughing out*) Jack, you'll be the death of me.

D'ARCY. Faith, I should like to be— You've no more sympathy for the tender passion than a stone.

GREG. (*Still laughing hard*) My sympathies are broad, Jack, but I've never been able to cover your tender passions with them. (*Laughing*)

D'ARCY. (C. *ruffled laugh*) You're mighty amused at my expense.

GREG. (L. C.) Who is it, Jack?

D'ARCY. (*As if offended*) I'll not call upon you to stretch your elastic sympathy any further, Captain Gregory.

GREG. (*Coaxing*) I was only teasing, Jack.

D'ARCY. You'll not breathe it to a soul?

GREG. I swear.

D'ARCY. It's the Duchess.

GREG. (*Mystified*) The Duchess?

D'ARCY. Pamela.

GREG. Miss Townsend?

D'ARCY. Yes, the loveliest creature that ever tripped a minuet, or killed with the glance of brown eyes. She was born under the aegis of divine Diana, and all the Goddess' gifts have been showered on her. (*Crosses to L.*) Oh, Greg, why haven't you heart enough to know what I'm talking about? (*Crossing back of him to fire-place up R.*)

GREG. (*R. C. to R. of table L.*) Too much heart addles the brains.

D'ARCY. (*Near fire-place*) Pah! Your blood runs icy cold.

GREG. (*L.*) I saw your divinity but a moment before you came in.

D'ARCY. (*At fire-place. Eagerly*) She was here?

GREG. (*Drily*) Yes, curiously occupied.

D'ARCY. What do you mean?

GREG. She was reading what I judged to be a love letter.

D'ARCY. (*Losing his poise for a minute*) A love—letter, man! How do you know? Whom was she reading to?

GREG. (*L. C.*) As I came in she and her cousin were standing where you stand, with their backs to me. I happened to hear these words, "I shall leave camp before daybreak to-morrow disguised as—" Then I thought it was time to discover myself.

D'ARCY. That was all you heard?

GREG. All.

D'ARCY. (*Laughing uneasily*) Ah, you're suspicious by nature, Greg, like all Englishmen. The note was to Miss Deane. (*Turning to fire*)

GREG. (*L. C.*) I happen to know differently.

D'ARCY. Differently?

GREG. (*Front of table L. C.*) Yes. Here is the billet doux. Miss Townsend dropped it, as she went out.

D'ARCY. (*Coming down to table L. C. Eagerly taking it*) Let me see it. (*He reads the superscription*) To Miss Pamela Townsend. (*He turns it over and looks at the broken seal*) And what did you hear Greg?

GREG. "I shall leave camp before daybreak tomorrow disguised as——"

D'ARCY. Why the devil didn't you wait to hear how the blackguard was going to disguise himself. (*Going up to fire-place, R. C.*)

(GREGORY in front of table.)

GREG. You hold the key to the mystery in your hand.

D'ARCY. (*R. C. front of fire. Reproachfully*) Greg, I wouldn't have thought it of you.

GREG. (*C. front of table*) Yet you would have me eavesdrop for your personal satisfaction.

D'ARCY. (*Going to him*) Forgive me, old man, I'm not myself. What do you make of it? (*Looks at the letter again*)

GREG. Honest?

D'ARCY. Honest, Gregg.

GREG. I think there is someone in whom the fair Miss Townsend is particularly interested in the rebel camp at Valley Forge, who intends getting through the lines to pay the lady a visit.

D'ARCY. (*Crosses to R. corner*) Faith, the gentleman will never return alive to Valley Forge, if I once clap eyes on him.

GREG. Well, he evidently hasn't arrived yet, or she wouldn't have been reading his letter so eagerly.

D'ARCY. (*Crossing to GREGORY*) You break my

heart, Greg. Was she really reading the scoundrel's letter eagerly?

GREG. (*Trying to soften it*) Not so very eagerly, Jack.

D'ARCY. (*Grasping his hand*) Thank you for that, Gregg, thank you. You're the best friend a man could have.

GREG. (*Heartily*) Brace yourself, Jack. We must improve that heart action, eh?

D'ARCY. Faint heart will never do, will it, Greg?

GREG. Not for so fair a lady, Jack.

D'ARCY. (*Clapping him on the shoulder*) Egad, Greg, you have a soul above pill-boxes and lancets, after all.

GREG. The proper spirit. We'll capture the fair dame, just as we'll bag Mr. Washington and his mob of rag-a-muffins to-morrow. Eh, Jack? By force of arms. (*Going up L.*)

D'ARCY. You're an immodest saw-bones, be gone with you. (*GREGORY exits L. U. door laughing. D'ARCY turns and moves towards the door at R. 1 E. As he nearly reaches it, PAMELA enters hurriedly, evidently a bit flurried. They almost collide. She goes over to fire-place*) I beg ten thousand pardons, Miss Townsend, I am very awkward.

PAMELA. It was my fault. (*She looks anxiously about the floor to see if she can discover the letter*)

D'ARCY. You are hunting for something?

PAMELA. (*Moving to fire then down to L.*) Yes. I dropped a letter, I think, when I was here a few moments ago.

D'ARCY. (*Coming down c.*) Maybe this is it. (*Holds it out*)

PAMELA. (*A trifle confused*) Yes, yes, that is it. (*She takes it*) Thank you. It was very stupid of me.

D'ARCY. I was about to bring it to you. Captain Gregory picked it up.

PAMELA. (*Recovering her composure*) It was very kind of you. (*She starts to leave the room. D'ARCY is on pins and needles. As she passes him going to fire-place, he speaks*)

D'ARCY. (C.) Miss Townsend?

PAMELA. (*Up at door R. 1 E.*) Yes?

D'ARCY. May I speak with you one moment?

PAMELA. (*Turns back inquiringly coming to R. C.*) What is it?

D'ARCY. (*Apologetically*) A small company of Officers is to meet here to-night. (*Hesitates*)

PAMELA. (R. C.) Yes.

D'ARCY. (L. C.) May we have—a—a undisturbed possession of this room?

PAMELA. You mean that you will require the household to retire early?

D'ARCY. You interpret my request harshly.

PAMELA. I save you that trouble.

D'ARCY. Believe me, Miss Townsend, if it will in anyway inconvenience you, I will do my best to have the rendezvous changed.

PAMELA. Major D'Arcy, you and your companions in arms have occupied Philadelphia now for two months. I don't complain; it's the fortune of war. But it is no kindness to me to mask your demands under guise of courteous request.

D'ARCY. You wrong my intention, Miss Townsend.

PAMELA. I have no wish to profit by any special consideration on your part. Every British officer should have broken his sword, rather than have turned it against the people of his own blood, fighting justly. (*Crosses L.*)

D'ARCY. (C.) You speak from the heart?

PAMELA. (L. C.) That is where I feel.

D'ARCY. I would give anything in all the world—except my sword, for some small place there.

PAMELA. (*Drawing herself up coldly—turning to him*) Major D'Arcy!

D'ARCY. (R. C.) Don't turn away, Miss Townsend! No girl need be afraid of a tale of honest love. And—and I have such a tale to tell.

PAMELA. (L. C.) I cannot listen to you. Let me pass.

D'ARCY. (*Stopping her. Quietly*) I must speak, Miss Townsend. Ever since that autumn morning, two months ago, when I came into your garden, and saw you standing like some lovely flower, I have loved you. (*She turns from him*) Don't shrink from me. It is no crime for a man to bend to the fragrance of a rose, and my lips would prove recreant to my heart if they refused longer to speak.

PAMELA. (L. C. *turning to him*) Major D'Arcy, you take advantage of your position in this house to speak in a manner that you must know is distasteful to me.

D'ARCY. (C.) God forgive you, Miss Townsend, for doubting my motives. (*Turns R.*) I could stand your indifference to the little I have to offer; my life, but your scorn humbles me beyond the telling, showing as it does how little you understand what I wish.

PAMELA. (*Coldly, turning to him*) I could not desire to understand what you wish, (*Stepping up a little*) and as for doubting your motives, Major D'Arcy, an *American woman* has no other alternative. To be loyal to her country, she must be loyal to herself, and I beg of you, if you are a *gentleman*, that you will never refer again to a subject that is painful to us both.

D'ARCY. (R. C. *Pulls himself together and bows with an air*) I trust, Miss Townsend, you will pardon my *indiscretion*. I have the honor to bid you good morning. (*He turns and crosses towards the door at upper L.*)

PAMELA. (C. *not looking at him*) This apartment will be quite at your service this evening, as you request.

D'ARCY. (*Turning*) Thank you. (*He exits L. U. door and a moment later can be seen, passing the windows with his cloak about him from L. to R. PAMELA stands quite still for several moments, then taking the L. The door at lower R. opens quickly and CYNTHIA stands in the doorway for a moment*)

(*CYNTHIA beckons HARRY on. A second later HARRY enters R. U. D. to C. PAMELA rushes to him. He is disguised in the dress of a country man with heavy woolen stockings and boots and rough clothes.*)

PAMELA. (*In his arms*) Brother!

TOWNSEND. (R. C.) Sis dear, here I am. (*Kisses her*) You got my note?

CYNTHIA. (*Up R. Hovering around, gets round and down L.*) Not half an hour ago.

PAMELA. (L. C. *gaily*) You should have brought it yourself.

TOWNSEND. It would have been safer. I had a hard time getting through. As roads are more carefully guarded than before, I thought they were after me once. But I gave them the slip! (*Crossing to fire and kneeling, at fire to warm his hands*)

PAMELA. It was dangerous coming by day. (*Following him up*)

TOWNSEND. It would have been worse by night.

CYNTHIA. (L.) I must go tell Aunt Clarissa. I'll be back in a moment. (*She exits up L.*)

PAMELA. (*By fire-place*) Are you well, boy?

TOWNSEND. (*Laughing*) As well as it's safe to be. (*Back to fire*) And how is my Pamela? Do your lodgers give you any trouble?

PAMELA. They are models, Harry, and are really a great protection, you know.

TOWNSEND. That Irish Major, what's his name. does he behave civilly, and treat you with respect?

PAMELA. He's very nice, for a red coat.

TOWNSEND. I have heard as much.

PAMELA. (*Interested*) You have heard of him?

TOWNSEND. (*Standing front of fire-place*) Yes, curiously enough, the young Marquis de Lafayette, whom I told you about, met him in Paris two years ago, and speaks very **highly of him**.

PAMELA. (*Eagerly*) Tell me, what did he say?

TOWNSEND. Oh, he said he was a son of Lord D'Arcy, who was on the British Embassy at Paris. That's all.

PAMELA. (*Disappointed, dropping down c.*) Is that all?

TOWNSEND. (*He remains at fire-place. Noticing her interest*) The Major hasn't been recruiting in the household, has he?

PAMELA. What do you mean?

TOWNSEND. The red coat is not proving too attractive. Eh, sis?

(D'ARCY crosses R. to L.)

PAMELA. You stupid boy! If you knew how I despise him——

(*At this moment, D'ARCY can be seen passing outside the window from R. quickly. When he reaches the window at L. he stops and looks in and sees PAMELA and TOWNSEND. A moment later he withdraws quickly.*)

TOWNSEND. (*Jumps up*) What was that?

PAMELA. What?

TOWNSEND. I thought I heard someone on the terrace? (*Goes to window at R. PAMELA following*)

PAMELA. (*Up on his L.*) Your imagination dear.

TOWNSEND. (*Jumping back quickly towards fire*) Imagination, the devil, Pamela! Do you see those red-jackets going around the corner of the house? (*Indicates L.*)

PAMELA. Soldiers? Where? (*She looks.*
CYNTHIA *rushes into the room and shuts the door at upper L. quickly behind her*)

CYNTHIA. (*Getting on his R.*) Harry, Harry, the house is surrounded. Quick, what are we to do?

(*All coming down.*)

TOWNSEND. (*Quietly draws a pistol from his overcoat pocket*) I felt that I hadn't thrown them off the track. I must make a run for it. (*He makes start for R. U. door*)

PAMELA. (*Stopping him*) It would be folly. They would shoot you before you'd gone ten steps.

(*SOLDIERS TRUMPET.*)

TOWNSEND. I can't be taken. I'm in the enemies' lines, disguised, that means——

CYNTHIA. (*Rushes up to windows*) Ssh. What shall we do, Pamela?

PAMELA. (*L. C.*) There is only one thing to do. Come this way. (*She moves towards door at lower L.*)

TOWNSEND. (*Follows her doubtfully*) Where?

PAMELA. The old spare chamber; Major D'Arcy occupies it. Find mother, Cynthia, and see that she is not alarmed.

(*CYNTHIA rushes to TOWNSEND, he holds her in his arms tenderly.*)

TOWNSEND. There, there, dear, I'll outwit them yet.

CYNTHIA. Oh, Harry, I'm afraid.

PAMELA. Come. (*CYNTHIA exits hurriedly R. 1 E.*) They will not enter Major D'Arcy's chamber, if I can help it.

TOWNSEND. They will never take me alive if they do. (*Holds up pistol significantly*)

PAMELA. No, no, not that. Go now. (*She opens the door* L. 1 E.)

(TOWNSEND *exits* L. 1 E. PAMELA *closes the door and locks it taking the key, then walks over to fire-place. The tramp of feet is heard, off* L. U. D. *The door is flung open and a SERGEANT with a file of Grenadiers marches in. Draw up* L. *side of stage.*)

PAMELA. (*At fire-place up* R.) What is the meaning of this intrusion?

SERGEANT. (C.) A rebel spy has been traced to this house. Have orders to search all apartments.

PAMELA. There are no apartments on this side of the house.

SERGEANT. (*Pointing to* R. 1 E.) Where does that door lead?

PAMELA. To the entrance hall.

(SERGEANT *crosses the room, opens door at* R. 1 E. *and looks out. Then returns* L. C.)

SERGEANT. And that? (*Pointing to door* L. 1 E.)

PAMELA. (*Coming down* R. C. *Not watching him*) Oh, there is a suite of chambers there. But they are occupied.

SERGEANT. Humph! We'll inspect them. (*Goes to door and tries it* L. 1 E.) It's locked.

PAMELA. (C.) I suppose so.

SERGEANT. (*At door* L. 1 E.) Where's the key?

PAMELA. One might imagine the occupant would have it.

SERGEANT. We'll have the door open, Corporal.

(*One of the Grenadiers steps forward and crosses to door and attempts to break in door with gun.*)

PAMELA. (*Quietly*) I doubt if Major D'Arcy will care for that.

SERGEANT. (*Stopping*) Major who?

PAMELA. Major D'Arcy of the guards.

SERGEANT. (*Suspiciously*) Is he quartered here?

PAMELA. I have said so.

SERGEANT. Why is the door locked?

PAMELA. Major D'Arcy is at Headquarters and will no doubt give you any information you require—and perhaps even the keys.

(SERGEANT *whispers with the Corporal for a moment, they both look suspiciously toward PAMELA, who has turned away unconcernedly.*)

SERGEANT. We'll go in anyhow.

PAMELA. (*c. trying to appear indifferent*) As you please. (*Turns up. They move towards the door and are about to force it when D'ARCY enters hurriedly L. U. E.*)

D'ARCY. (*c. looks quietly from the SERGEANT, who with the Corporal stands to salute, to PAMELA*) What is this?

PAMELA. (R. C.) The British Army has evidently wakened up.

SERGEANT. (L.) We are on the track of a rebel spy, Major, and Captain Dacier has ordered us to search the house.

D'ARCY. I am very sorry, Miss Townsend, that you have been subjected to this annoyance. (*Dropping down L. C.*)

PAMELA. (R. C.) Pray, Major D'Arcy, don't consider me in the matter. Yours would have been the annoyance.

D'ARCY. (L. C.) Mine?

PAMELA. They were about to break into your chambers.

D'ARCY. (*To SERGEANT*) Is the door locked?

PAMELA. (*SERGEANT salutes. Looking at D'ARCY steadily*) It is locked.

SERGEANT. The lady said you would *know* why it was locked, sir, and that you had the key.

D'ARCY. (*Watching PAMELA closely*) Quite right, Sergeant. You may withdraw your men to the terrace.

SERGEANT. (*Saluting L. U. E.*) Yes, sir. (*Turning to D'ARCY*) What shall I tell the Captain?

D'ARCY. That I should like to see him here.

SERGEANT. Yes, sir. (*Gives command to the squad, and they exit through door at upper L. and they may be seen drawn up outside the window. D'ARCY and PAMELA stand quite still for a moment facing one another, then PAMELA steps to him and hands him the key*)

PAMELA. Thank you.

D'ARCY. (*Quietly taking key*) He is there?

PAMELA. I swear to you he is not a spy.

D'ARCY. You love him.

PAMELA. (R. C.) As my life. I throw myself on your generosity; appearances are against him, I know; he is disguised, but it was only his eagerness to get here.

D'ARCY. (L. C.) I can understand that.

PAMELA. (*Eagerly*) Don't give him up, don't give him up. He's young, too young to die, and they would hang him. Oh, God, can't you see it would break my heart! Have pity!

D'ARCY. Miss Townsend, can you swear on your honor, that he is not within our lines to seek information?

PAMELA. I swear it.

D'ARCY. (*Looks her steadily in the eye and is convinced of her sincerity*) I exceed my authority, Miss Townsend, but I'll save him, if I can.

PAMELA. (*Almost breaking down*) Heaven will bless you.

D'ARCY. (*Gently*) The only reward I ask, is to see that light in your eyes. (*Someone is heard at the door. PAMELA goes up to fire-place*) Ssh! Captain Dacier. (*D'ARCY crosses to R. CAPTAIN DACIER enters, he is a young officer with supercilious manner*)

DACIER. (C. *Saluting D'ARCY, pays no attention to PAMELA, save to look her over, does not remove his hat*) Sergeant Tripp informed me that you wished to see me.

D'ARCY. (R. *DACIER takes off his hat very ungraciously*) The Sergeant tells me a rebel spy is in the house.

DACIER. Yes, sir.

D'ARCY. Have you found him?

DACIER. No, sir.

D'ARCY. (*Severely*) Why don't you?

DACIER. (*Loses his temper and is about to swear*)
How the——

D'ARCY. Ahem!

DACIER. The Sergeant says you ordered him out.

D'ARCY. There is no one here. At least I haven't looked behind the curtains or in the clock, or under the sofa.

DACIER. Has that room been examined? (*Pointing to door upper R.*)

D'ARCY. There is nothing there but an empty hall.

DACIER. Or that? (*Pointing to door lower L.*)

D'ARCY. That's my room, and the door's locked.
(*Crossing to DACIER*) Here's the key.

DACIER. (L. c.) He must be somewhere.

D'ARCY. (R. c.) Must be?

DACIER. There is some mystery.

D'ARCY. Clear it up, Captain, by all means, have you looked in the well?

(WARN CURTAIN.)

DACIER. The whole house has been looked over thoroughly. (L. c.)

D'ARCY. (C.) Did you see him enter?

DACIER. No.

D'ARCY. Did anyone see him leave?

DACIER. No.

D'ARCY. (*Severely*) Then someone has blundered. Look into it, Captain Dacier.

DACIER. (*Starting to door R. U. E.*) I shall report the whole affair to Headquarters.

D'ARCY. They don't like mysteries at Headquarters, Captain Dacier.

DACIER. (*Discomfited*) Good morning, sir.

D'ARCY. Good morning Captain.

DACIER. (*Aside*) Curse his Irish impertinence!

D'ARCY. You remarked Captain?

DACIER. Good morning. (*Exits stiffly L. U. E. Shortly re-appears outside the window. A sharp word of command is given and the Grenadiers tramp off. D'ARCY steps to the window*)

D'ARCY. They're gone.

PAMELA. You are his preserver. He must see you.

D'ARCY. Spare me that.

PAMELA. I ask it as a favor. Give me the key. (*She goes to the door L. 1 E., unlocks it, opens it and calls*) Harry, Harry come out. It is safe. He has saved you. (*A moment later TOWNSEND enters. He looks in astonishment from D'ARCY to PAMELA*) Major D'Arcy, may I present Captain Townsend? (*Joyously, taking his hand*) He has saved you, Harry.

D'ARCY. (*Aside, under his breath R. C.*) Harry!

TOWNSEND. (*Crossing to him, putting out his hand, D'ARCY ignores it stiffly*) Major D'Arcy accept mine as well as my sister's thanks.

D'ARCY. (*Looking at him coldly*) Your sister! (*Then as it breaks upon him suddenly, he faces PAMELA, crosses to her*) Miss Townsend, do you mean to tell me that it is your brother I have saved? (*Crosses to her*)

PAMELA. (*L. puzzled*) No other.

D'ARCY. (*With great effusiveness, beaming, turning to him*) Captain Townsend, it is a privilege to meet you, sir.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE:—*Night of the same day, about eight o'clock. The curtains are drawn across the windows and a number of candles are lit about the room. There are a number of pipes and a bowl of tobacco on the table.*

DISCOVERED:—GREGORY seated in arm-chair before the fire, puffing away at a church-warden. PAMELA enters from L. followed by SAMBO with a huge punch-bowl which he places on the table.

PAMELA. Place it there, Sambo.

GREG. (*Rising and bowing*) Good evening, Miss Townsend, what have we here? (*Enthusiastically*) A punch, as I'm alive!

PAMELA. Have a care, doctor, a fish house-punch is supposed to be deadly.

GREG. (*Laughing*) We'll take our chances, Miss Townsend. *And very much thanks.* (*The metal knocker sounds off left*) Ah, there's Jack.

PAMELA. Jack?

GREG. Major D'Arcy.

PAMELA. (*Confusedly*) Oh—good night.

GREG. Good night. (*She exits at R.* GREGORY takes up a candle and goes out at L. The knocking continues, then ceases)

SAMBO. American refreshments for British soldiers. Dar a mighty fine bowl of liquor going to waste. I'm glad my old massa never lived to see the day when his roof shelter a parcel of red coats. (*Starts for L. 1 E.*) American liquor for British soldiers— If I had my way about it I'd put rat pizin in it. (*Crosses R. 1 E., SAMBO arranges glasses on table then exits at R.*)

(GREGORY *re-enters with D'ARCY who throws his cloak and hat on the chair R. of window, and places a large roll of maps on the table with two pistols which he draws from his pockets. All the while talking with GREGORY.*)

GREG. You're early, Jack.

D'ARCY. No one here, yet?

GREG. (*Filling glasses with punch*) The clock has just struck eight.

D'ARCY. Good. I'm glad they're late. I want to talk to you, Greg.

GREG. Fill a glass and talk away.

D'ARCY. (*Pours out two glasses from the decanter, fills a pipe and settles himself at the table as does GREGORY. They raise their glasses in a toast*) I'll give you a toast. To the fairest maid in all the world.

GREG. With all my heart, Jack. The little rebel?

D'ARCY. Egad, Greg. She's a royal rebel, (*Drinks*) and I adore her. She gave me her hand, Greg, to——

GREG. (*Sits L. of table—getting up in astonishment*) She gave you her hand? Have you asked her to marry you already man?

D'ARCY. (*Sitting R. of table*) Of course I asked her, and she refused me with the air of the Duchess that she is.

GREG. But you just said she gave you her hand.

D'ARCY. Oh, you silly old Greg. That was long afterward, and she gave it to me to kiss.

GREG. Little baggage! Jack, she's trifling with you.

D'ARCY. That's the point, Greg. It's me she's trifling with, and no one else—mind that.

GREG. What's become of tother fellow—the mysterious man of disguise.

D'ARCY. Ah, he's a jewel, Greg. I could love him as a brother—if I had the chance.

GREG. You saw him?

D'ARCY. I did indeed.

GREG. Where?

D'ARCY. Here. He spent most of the afternoon with his sweetheart, and at five o'clock, I gave him my company for three miles on his way back to the rebel camp.

GREG. I give it up, Jack. You're either out of your head, or talking riddles.

D'ARCY. If you'd not interrupt me every second, Captain Gregory, I could tell a straightforward tale, and a very pretty one it is.

GREG. Go on, I'll not stop you.

D'ARCY. I'll begin at the end.

GREG. As usual.

D'ARCY. Well, his sweetheart is not mine, Greg.

GREG. I can readily believe that.

D'ARCY. Oh, you stupid old Greg, you don't mean what I mean.

GREG. What do I mean?

D'ARCY. You mean that we are both in love with the same girl, and so we are, but in a different way.

GREG. (*Hopelessly*) And you compromised on that basis, did you, Jack?

D'ARCY. Yes, I was perfectly satisfied with his way. He's her brother, Greg.

GREG. Her brother! (*Laughing*) It is like one of Mr. Garrick's comedies, Jack. (*Sitting L. of table*)

D'ARCY. It's better, it's real.

GREG. But why did she give you her hand to kiss—if she wouldn't give it to you to keep?

D'ARCY. You know not the ways of women, Greg. Your flinty heart has never been touched by experience.

GREG. *Your* experience with 'em seems to have been of much value to you, Jack.

D'ARCY. Faith, Greg, every woman is a new experience.

GREG. It's an ungallant philosophy. (*Rising*)

D'ARCY. Ah, philosophy has no manners at all, Greg.

GREG. (*Leans over and claps him on the shoulder*) You deserve her, Jack, and may you win her.

D'ARCY. She'll never have me as long as I wear a red coat.

GREG. Well—get a bottle green one then, or any color that the wench wants. (*Knock. Loud knocking off L.*) Ah, there they are at last. (*Takes up a candle*) Ah, you should have taken advantage of the mistletoe, my boy.

D'ARCY. (*Stiffly*) An Irish gentleman does his kissing under the rose.

GREG. (*Laughing as he moves toward the door*) Well, an Irish gentleman that I know will do his under difficulties.

D'ARCY. Go on with you.

(GREGORY exits, while D'ARCY looks over the table to see that everything is right. There is a babble of voices off L. A moment after, COLONEL, SIR EDWARD JENNISON and DALRYMPLE enter followed soon after by CAPTAINS FARQUHAR, DACIER, KELTER and GREGORY. The COLONEL and MAJOR DALRYMPLE come down front and exchange salutes with D'ARCY. The others go up and assisted by GREGORY, remove hats and cloaks—keeping up a rattle of conversation all the while.)

JENNISON. (<i>Saluting</i>) How	{ (<i>Together</i>)
are you, Major?	

DALRYMPLE. Helloa, Jack.

D'ARCY. (*Saluting*) Good evening, Colonel. How are you, Dal?

JENNISON. I stopped in at headquarters for you, but the General said you had gone.

D'ARCY. Sorry to have missed you, sir. (*The*

COL. and DALRYMPLE *speak aside. D'ARCY greets the other officers cheerily*) Helloa, Farquhar. (FARQUHAR *goes down and speaks with COL. and DALRYMPLE. DE COURCEY down L. by table. GREGORY down to back of table*) Make yourself useful, Greg. Don't be making eyes at that punch-bowl just yet, De Courcey. Ah, Kelter, this is late for you to be out. *(They turn toward the group of Officers, who are still in loud conversation. DALRYMPLE throws aside his cloak, but the COL. retains his)* Come, gentlemen, pull up to the table and don't slight the bowl.

GREG. *(Calls to KELTER)* Come on over here, Kelter.

(There is a general movement of pulling out chairs, filling church-wardens, and the group sit, fill pipes, light them, and blow out a cloud of smoke.)

JENNISON. Gentlemen, I know that you all have a very-pardonable curiosity concerning the enterprises that is on foot, and I have orders here that will not only satisfy your curiosity but gratify your pride. *(Takes a packet of papers from his pocket)*

DAL. That's good, Sir Edward, we've been mortifying our pride long enough.

JENNISON. You're right, Major. The Commander-in-chief has thought secrecy of the utmost importance in this instance, and to that purpose these instructions have not been given to regimental commanders till this evening.

FAR. (D. C.) When do we move, sir?

JENNISON. *(Taking out his watch)* It is now half after eight. *(Reads from the orders spread out on the table)* "The advance, composed of both regiments of the Guards, and the brigade of Hessians is to move at eleven o'clock."

FAR. To-morrow, sir?

JENNISON. (*Frowning*) To-day, to-night, sir. You will have but an hour or so for—preparation. As you will see by the maps here, gentlemen—(*They all crowd—lean toward the maps*)—the enemy's position is a strong one.

DACIER. We'll sweep 'em off their feet.

D'ARCY. (*Laughing*) You talk as if the Guards were armed with brooms, Dacier.

DACIER. The bayonet is a Grenadier's broom.

JENNISON. The attack begins from this side with us. (*Points to the map*) The Hessians move to the left, and the Highlanders and 80th, take the center. The cavalry division will follow closely and finish the business.

(*The COLONEL and DALRYMPLE examine the maps closely.*)

FAR. (*Aside*) If we're not finished by that time.

DACIER. They are nothing but a disorganized rabble, and if we hem 'em so they can't run, they'll throw down their arms at once.

GREG. Or drown like rats in the river.

D'ARCY. That's what they should do, Greg, but they won't. They are sadly lacking in the knowledge of tactics, and don't know how to retreat, and as for their manual of arms, it gives 'em no information on subject of throwing 'em down.

DACIER. The rebel rascals don't seem to begin to fight till they're beaten.

JENNISON. (*Looking up*) Who said beaten?

DACIER. I was saying, Colonel, that the rascals never knew when they were beaten.

JENNISON. Oh, the beggars, can fight. And they'll have to to-morrow morning.

DAL. If everything goes right, it will end the war.

JENNISON. Everything must go right. This is the most important move we've made. There is no possible way in which our plans can have leaked out, and

they'll be totally unprepared, we'll catch 'em napping and rout 'em to the last man.

DAL. They've only a handful of men fit for service, anyhow.

GREG. That fox, Washington, seems to do most damage, when he has only a band of disabled men. Remember Trenton and Princeton.

D'ARCY. Oh, let's forget 'em for the credit of the British Army, eh, Colonel?

JENNISON. Yes, it's like a bad dream.

FAR. To-morrow will retrieve all that and wipe the score clean.

DACIER. We'll bring this Mr. Washington and his French side, the Marquis de Lafayette back to Philadelphia with us.

DAL. I wonder if froggy is really a Marquis?

D'ARCY. He's a beautiful Marquis, Dal, and a very charming gentleman, I knew him in Paris when he was only a lad.

JENNISON. And now I think there is nothing more to be said. We'll meet again before many hours. *(Puts papers in his cloak pocket)*

D'ARCY. But who knows when or where we'll meet again after that?

GREG. Oh, none of your melancholy. *(Cries of "No! No!")*

JENNISON. *(Rising)* And now I must bid you good night, gentlemen.

D'ARCY. Oh, Sir Edward, sit you down and give us a toast. *(Several of the officers playfully press the COLONEL back on chair R. of window by JENNISON and DALRYMPLE takes his cloak and puts it on the lounge at back)* Drink and be merry for to-morrow we—

JENNISON. *(Laughingly interrupts him)* Jack, Jack, that's worse.

ALL. A toast, a toast, Sir Edward.

(They all fill their glasses and stand.)

JENNISON. (*All officers place left foot on chairs*) Gentlemen? Are you charged? I give you King George. God bless him and his fighting men.

ALL. (*Clicking glasses*) King George God bless him and his fighting men.

JENNISON. And may they always support one another.

ALL. Forever.

(*All rise and stand on chair placing right foot on table holding glasses very high, drink and step down from table. They lift JENNISON to the table and then shout—"For he's a jolly good fellow," "He's a jolly good fellow—" when he has resumed his seat again.*)

D'ARCY. Come now, Dal, a song.

ALL. Yes, yes, a song.

FAR. What shall it be?

D'ARCY. That song about "Let the toast pass, etc."

GREG. Yes, that's the one.

DAL. All right. Now everybody join in.

(*They all fill their pipes. FARQUHAR sings "Sally in Our Alley" the others join riotously in the chorus.*)

KELTER. I can come in strong on the chorus.

ALL. All right, old man.

D'ARCY. Now you start us Dal and we'll come in.

(*DALRYMPLE starts too high, all groan, then starts alone. All join in.*)

JENNISON. (*At conclusion of song, gets to his feet*) Come, gentlemen, time is slipping. We must be on the move.

(There is a general movement of pushing back chairs, and preparations made for departure. Cloak and hats donned, amid a buzz of talk and laughter, the COLONEL by mistake takes D'ARCY'S cloak leaving his own behind.)

D'ARCY. I'll light you to the gate, Colonel.

(As they put on cloaks.)

JENNISON. Don't you ride with us?

D'ARCY. Greg and I will meet you at headquarters in half an hour.

JENNISON. Good.

(They all file out. D'ARCY bringing up the rear.)

GREG. *(With a candle)* I'll be ready in ten minutes, Jack.

D'ARCY. You'll find me here. *(Exits L. 3 with candle. GREGORY exits D. 1. There is a faint sound of voices outside and snatches of "Sally in Our Alley" may be heard)*

(A moment after they have passed out, SAMBO enters. He looks about the room, sees the COLONEL'S cloak, picks it up carelessly and moves over to hang it up L. 1 E.)

SAMBO. Those officers certainly are a careless lot, leaving their cloaks and things behind 'em on a night like this. *(Stops at door upper R. and calls)* Miss Pamela— Oh, Miss Pamela.

PAMELA. *(Off R.)* Yes, Sambo.

(MUSIC READY.)

SAMBO. They're all gone. *(SAMBO hangs up the hat and cloak. As the cloak unfolds itself, he sees the bundle of papers sticking from the pocket. He looks*

at it as if he'd like to take it, and PAMELA entering at that moment, he snatches it quickly)

PAMELA. Phew! What a smoke, Sambo! *(She goes to window and raises it. SAMBO steps quietly over to table at her back and throws the papers down. Busying herself about, snuffing candles)* No glasses, broken, Sambo.

SAMBO. No, Miss Pamela, but the punch is spoiled.

PAMELA. *Spoiled?*

(MUSIC.)

SAMBO. It's all gone.

PAMELA. *(Comes to the table, laughing)* Take these glasses to the pantry. *(Picks up the papers)* What are these?

SAMBO. I think some of those officer gentlemen dropped 'em.

PAMELA. *(Giving them to SAMBO)* Oh, give them to Major D'Arcy in the morning.

SAMBO. *(Taking them reluctantly, and moving away, crosses R., then coming back)* Hadn't you better look at 'em Miss Pamela?

PAMELA. Read them? Certainly not.

SAMBO. Do read 'em! I could swear those red jackets was here for no good, to-night. *(He unfolds the papers)* Mischief is certainly a brewin'. *(Holds the papers in front of her, so that she can't help seeing their purport)*

PAMELA. *(In a scared voice)* Plans of the American fortifications at Valley Forge! Order of attack on Valley Forge!! Sambo! It's a plot. *(She snatches the papers from him and leans with them toward the light on the table. She reads out hurriedly)* Order of attack on Valley Forge. The advance composed of both regiments of the Guards, and the brigade of Hessians is to move at eleven o'clock.

SAMBO. When?

PAMELA. It is dated Headquarters, December 29th.

SAMBO. That's to-day.

PAMELA. They intend to attack to-night. It's a surprise.

SAMBO. What's to be done, Miss Pamela?

PAMELA. Let me think— Let me think— They must have word—they must—they must. Quick Sambo! Go to the stables and saddle Bess.

SAMBO. What will you do?

PAMELA. I'll warn them.

SAMBO. You would never get through.

PAMELA. I will get through. I know every inch of the road and can make it in two hours—three at the most. If they are not warned they will be destroyed! Quick now! There is not a moment to spare.

(SAMBO exits hurriedly at R. She looks at the papers again for an instant, then throws them on the table. Sees the hat and cloak hanging, takes them, throws the cloak about her and puts on the hat before the mirror. D'ARCY re-enters from L. 3. He carries the candle high in his hand, and draws his hand amazedly across his face on seeing PAMELA, as if to wipe a vision from his eyes. She hears him and looks up startled. He stands still in astonishment.)

PAMELA. Major D'Arcy!

D'ARCY. Miss Townsend! I thought it was some lovely ghost.

PAMELA. I was never more in the flesh than I am at this moment.

D'ARCY. (Puts candle on table, noticing his cloak and hat on her) Are you for a masquerade to-night, Miss Townsend?

PAMELA. I am, and for a ride.

D'ARCY. And may I accompany you?

PAMELA. Thank you, Major D'Arcy, but I must ride alone.

D'ARCY. (*Realizing her purpose, and mechanically taking the papers from the table*) I am afraid I cannot permit you to leave this room alone to-night; not for several hours at least. (*Crosses R. with papers in his hand*)

PAMELA. (*Haughtily*) Do you mean that you would dare to use force to restrain me?

D'ARCY. I should feel extremely mortified if Miss Townsend pushed me to that extremity.

PAMELA. Which means that you would?

D'ARCY. Forgive me, Miss Townsend if I wrong you with my suspicions but I fear you have information of the utmost importance to the enemy, which is my duty to prevent coming into their possession.

PAMELA. You would keep me here on a mere suspicion? Let me pass!

D'ARCY. I can't!

PAMELA. The boasted chivalry of the Irish gentleman and the British officer fades away when put to the trial.

D'ARCY. The Irish Gentleman and the British officer finds himself in a most odious position Miss Townsend. Relieve me from it, I beg of you; just tell me it's not so.

PAMELA. I deny your authority to question me, Major D'Arcy. Let me go.

D'ARCY. I can't.

PAMELA. But why—the papers are in your possession.

D'ARCY. The papers?

PAMELA. The plans for the attack on Valley Forge? (*She sees from his startled look that she has committed herself irrevocably, they look tensely at one another, then she swings around to supplication*) Oh, help me! Help me! Can't you see what it means? Friends and country—all that I hold dear in the world.

D'ARCY. All that you hold dear in the world—ah, yes, yes, I know—but think what it means for me. You put me to a cruel test, Miss Townsend. If my love for you was one whit less true or honest, I'd bid you go and claim the reward of my dishonor——

PAMELA. Are love and honor then so far apart? No one need ever know? Oh, let me go, let me go.

D'ARCY. On one condition!

PAMELA. And that is——

D'ARCY. Give me your word that you will not leave this house to-night or communicate to anyone the information which you have—and I'll let you go.

(SAMBO appears at the door R. muffled and with a lantern. PAMELA sees him and the sight of him gives her resolution.)

PAMELA. No, no. (*Drawing the pistol from under her cloak*) And Major D'Arcy you will prevent my passing at your peril.

D'ARCY. (*Steadily*) I would prefer it so!

PAMELA. I warn you!

D'ARCY. You cannot leave the room!

(PAMELA fires, D'ARCY stumbles forward into chair—
SAMBO rushes forward to her as she shrinks back dazed.)

SAMBO. My Gawd, Miss Pamela you have killed him surely! Quick the horse is ready—you must go! Go!

PAMELA. (*Wildly*) No, no, I can't—I can't.

SAMBO. It will be sartin death. Now if you stay here now they'll kill you sure.

PAMELA. No matter Sambo, I can't. I can't go. Take Bess, ride to Valley Forge, you must save them, you must save Master Harry. Ride Sambo, for your life. (*He exits hurriedly at R. PAMELA goes quickly to D'ARCY'S side*) Major D'Arcy, Jack—speak to me—speak!

D'ARCY. (*Slowly coming to himself*) Ah, thank heaven you are here Miss Townsend. (*Gets shakily to his feet*)

PAMELA. (*Pitifully*) Oh, what have I done! What have I done! Can you forgive me?

D'ARCY. (*Holding the wounded arm with the other hand and trying to conceal his pain*) Forgive you, Miss Townsend—ah, it's nothing—nothing. All's fair in love and war.

(*There is sound of loud knocking off L. 3 and GREGORY calls from L. 1 E.*)

GREG. Jack! Jack! Are you ready?

(*D'ARCY hurriedly pulls off his sash.*)

D'ARCY. (*He stands*) Might I bother you to help me Miss Townsend! No one must see this. (*She hurriedly binds up his arm. The knocking continues. GREGORY'S voice sounds closer, calling*)

GREG. Jack! Jack!

PAMELA. (*Hurriedly working at his arm*) Oh, do I hurt you!

D'ARCY. No, no, it's delicious. But you must not be found here, Miss Townsend, with me in this condition. We could never explain. Go now, go! Give me your cloak! (*He takes the cloak she has on, and swings it over his shoulders, she moves unsteadily toward door upper R. when at that moment GREGORY enters at lower R. 1 she slips quickly behind curtains out R. 1 E. leaves door open, window at back R. unobserved by GREGORY. D'ARCY manages to take the papers out of his belt and back into the pocket of his cape as GREGORY comes toward him. The knocking is now outside door at L.*)

GREG. Why the devil didn't you answer? I thought I heard a shot.

D'ARCY. (*Steadying himself at the table*) You

heard that knocking outside, let the beggar in whoever it is.

(GREGORY *exits at L. and re-enters with DALRYMPLE who had D'ARCY's cloak.*)

GREG. Oh, it's you Dal.

(*They move toward D'ARCY.*)

DAL. By some mistake, Jack, the Colonel took your cloak, and in the pocket of his own he left important papers. Have you seen them?

D'ARCY. (*Looking down at the cloak he has on*) Why then this must be the Colonel's cloak. (*Pulls out the papers*) And here are the papers safe and sound.

DAL. (*Taking them*) I'm glad of that—he'll be relieved to get them back. Gentlemen, I'm for headquarters, do you ride with me?

GREG. I'm ready. Come along, Jack. (*D'ARCY leans heavily against the table*) Why, what's the matter with you?

D'ARCY. (*Pulling himself together and forcing a laugh*) Nothing—nothing—I'm afraid the entertainment to-night was too much for me. Go on, boys, I'll follow.

(GREGORY and DALRYMPLE *pass out at L. 3 talking.*)

PAMELA *comes quickly forward from behind curtain—fear and distress filling her.*)

(*MUSIC.*)

PAMELA. Major D'Arcy! You cannot go in your condition—it would mean death. I couldn't bear that—I couldn't.

D'ARCY. Ah, Miss Townsend, it is but a touch, many a lad will think himself lucky this night if he gets off with as little. And your safety hangs on my going.

PAMELA. Major D'Arcy! You cannot go, it would be madness—madness.

D'ARCY. Miss Townsend it would be madness to stay—God knows I can explain almost anything but—(*Pointing to his arm*) I could never explain this. Your safety hangs on it.

PAMELA. I would willingly pay the price of safety, if you will stay—what would safety mean to me if your death lay at my door! Oh, my God, I couldn't bear that. You must stay—you must!

D'ARCY. (*Coming very close to her*) Don't worry Miss Townsend—it is but a touch—once in the saddle and it will be forgotten. And if—if Miss Townsend—I should not come back, may I hold the precious thought that one red coat lies gently in your thoughts? I know the weeks and months of my presence here have been hateful to you but they've been blessed days and the memory of them—which may be mine but a few hours longer—is radiant. And should I fall to-night, remember that though my life belonged to my King, my heart and soul were yours. Good-bye—Good-bye! (*She stands with head bowed—frozen, he gently takes her hand to his lips, then exits hurriedly. PAMELA raises her head slowly, her face haggard with despair, and she flings herself into a chair and buries her face in her hands on the table, sobbing*)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE:—*Billiard room of the Townsend House.*

DISCOVERED:—*At rise, GREGORY and DALRYMPLE at the billiard table. GREGORY stands chalking his cue, DALRYMPLE is just making a shot.*

GREG. (*Sitting L. of table*) I tell you, Major, it is absolutely unnecessary to place Miss Townsend and her family under arrest.

DAL. (*R. of table, leaning on chair*) I think so myself, Doctor, and have told the Colonel so; but he seems to think the rumors that are going about the town justify it.

GREG. (*Fussily*) Rumors! Rumors be damned. It's nothing but the tattle of the officers' mess. Jack D'Arcy would stop their mouths if he heard of it.

DAL. I feel just as you do about the matter, Gregory; but tattle or no tattle it has got to be stopped before it spreads—(*Crosses R. C.*) or God save our reputations. The information of our intended attack on the rebels certainly leaked out somewhere, or they never would have repulsed us as they did.

GREG. (*Rises—sarcastically*) I suppose they say Jack D'Arcy warned them—or perhaps they think it was I.

DAL. (*Laughing*) Oh, hardly that—but——

GREG. (*Crosses to DALRYMPLE*) But what?

DAL. (*Comes close to GREGORY*) Well, they are certainly circumstances to be explained. Why, there are hints of a spy having taken refuge here in the house that very same afternoon.

GREG. Oh, Fudge! On such a suspicion as that I think it would be an outrage to put Miss Townsend to the inconvenience and humiliation of arrest. She has been at Jack D'Arcy's bedside day and night these last five weeks, and if Colonel Jennison and my Lord Cornwallis value a gallant officer, they owe his life to her.

DAL. (*Surprised*) She has nursed him?

GREG. I could not have done without her.

DAL. How is he to-day?

GREG. Getting about. The sea voyage home will set him up, I think. (*PAMELA and TOWNSEND enter from L. U. E. GREGORY and DALRYMPLE break off in their conversation and GREGORY steps towards them*) Ah, Miss Townsend.

PAMELA. Doctor, I want you to know my brother, Captain Townsend.

(*GREGORY crosses to HARRY. DALRYMPLE goes up. PAMELA crosses R.*)

GREG. (*Putting out his hand cordially, they meet L. C.*) It is a very great pleasure, Captain Townsend.

TOWNS. (*Taking his hand*) The pleasure, sir, is mine, for it gives me the opportunity to thank you, for the many kindnesses to my family.

GREG. (C.) Ah, say nothing of that. (*Turns to DALRYMPLE who comes down*) May I present you to Major Dalrymple?

(*TOWNSEND and DALRYMPLE bow.*)

TOWNS. (L. C. *with a smile*) I have no doubt Major Dalrymple will like to see my credentials! (*Draws a paper from his top-coat pocket*) Here is a safe conduct pass for the exchange of prisoners.

DAL. (R. C. *Politely, raising his hand*) My dear, sir.

GREG. (C.) Well, Captain, you gave us a warm welcome on our last visit to Valley Forge.

TOWNS. (L. C.) We did our best, considering that your arrival was something of a surprise.

DAL. (R. C. to PAMELA R.) I am glad to have such good news of your patient this morning, Miss Townsend.

PAMELA. (R.) We are glad to have such good news to give, Major Dalrymple.

DAL. Do you think I might see him?

PAMELA. Why, yes, if you'll promise not to excite him.

GREG. (C.) I'll accompany him to guard against that. Good morning, Captain Townsend.

TOWNS. (*Bowing to GREGORY and DALRYMPLE who move up L.*) Good morning, sir, good morning. (*Crossing R. to PAMELA*)

GREG. (*Aside to DALRYMPLE as they go L. to D'ARCY's chamber*) Mind you break it gently to him about Miss Townsend's arrest. He is by no means a well man, and there will be the devil to pay when he hears it.

(*As they reach the door it opens and SAMBO appears. He holds it open for them and they exit L. U. E. Then he turns and sees TOWNSEND below.*)

SAMBO. (L. C. *Hurrying down to him*) For the Lord's sake! It's Massa Harry!

TOWNS. (C. *Takes his hand cordially*) Why Sambo, you old rascal! (*Turning to PAMELA, R.*) Pamela, did you know it was he saved us that night?

PAMELA. Yes, I knew.

SAMBO. (*Scared—looking about fearfully*) Ssh! Not so loud! They'd put a noose about my neck for sure, if they knew that.

TOWNS. Tell me; how did you find out, and how did you manage to get through?

SAMBO. (L. C.) Well, Massa Harry, Miss Pamela and I jes' smelled mischief that night, and we smelt right! And as she was too busily engaged with that

Irish gentleman, Major D'Arcy, when I had the horse ready, why I jes' concluded I'd take charge of the information myself.

TOWNS. (*To PAMELA*) Busily engaged with Major D'Arcy, Pamela?

PAMELA. (*Sits on sofa R. Painfully flurried*) Oh, nothing, nothing. Major D'Arcy found out that I knew of their plans, but he didn't know that Sambo knew.

TOWNS. The devil you say! But I don't understand how you got by their pickets.

SAMBO. I didn't go by 'em, Massa Harry, I jes' go through 'em, and rode for dear life. And you know I got there in time.

TOWNS. (*Clapping him on the shoulder*) Yes, thank God, for if you hadn't, they would have routed us to the last man. You and General Washington saved the day.

SAMBO. (*Grinning*) Yes, me and General Washington.

PAMELA. (*Rises to HARRY, urging him to go*) Run along now, Harry, to mother and Cynthia; I'll be with you in a moment. I wish to speak to the doctor.

TOWNS. Very well, Sis. Come, Sambo!

(*They move to door at R. and exit R. 2 E. GREGORY appears at top of steps L. and comes down to PAMELA.*)

PAMELA. (R. C.) And how do you think our patient is this morning?

GREG. (L. C.) As well as could be expected.

PAMELA. Is that not very well?

GREG. He's getting restless—and begins to rebel against authority. But the voyage home will do him good.

PAMELA. He—he is going back to England?

GREG. (*Looking at her sharply*) The moment I think he is able.

PAMELA. (*Rather blankly*) Oh!

GREG. He's fretting his heart out about something, and I have no probes that go deep enough for that. (*He looks at her shrewdly and she turns partly away* R.)

PAMELA. (*Taking a small miniature from her pocket*) Doctor, here is something Sambo picked up about the house somewhere. Does it belong to you?

GREG. (*Taking it in his hand and looking at it*) A miniature! No, not mine. I think it belongs to Jack D'Arcy. I heard him say that he had lost or mislaid one.

PAMELA. Oh, he will be glad to have it again, then; it—it is probably some one—very dear to him; his sister, perhaps?

GREG. (*Quizzically*) Yes—exactly—but now I think of it, he hasn't any sister, Miss Townsend.

PAMELA. He has no sister? Perhaps a cousin then?

GREG. (*Turning the miniature over and reading on the back of it*) "To Jack with much affection"—perhaps it is. He has some distant cousins.

PAMELA. (*Aside—rather helplessly*) I don't call that very distant.

GREG. Pardon me—you were saying?

PAMELA. I was saying that when Major D'Arcy returned to England his cousin would not be so distant.

GREG. (*Laughing out*) Quite so, quite so, Miss Townsend. (*Handing her the miniature which she takes mechanically*) You can hand it to him when you see him.

PAMELA. (*Not having intended to take it*) Oh, no, I should rather you gave it to him?

GREG. Believe me, Miss Townsend, once in my pocket, I should never think of it again: it is safer with you. (*Jocosely*) Give it to him with his next dose of medicine; it will make it taste better.

PAMELA. (*Mechanically*) I will see that he gets it; I must go for his medicine now.

GREG. (*Going R.*) Ah, Miss Townsend, what would we do without you?

PAMELA. It is nothing—nothing that I do. (*She goes out hastily at R. 2 E.*)

GREG. (*Looks after her for a moment—laughing to himself*) There's only one medicine that will do Jack D'Arcy any good.

(*Enter D'ARCY and DALRYMPLE from door at top of steps, L. 2 E. and come down—D'ARCY carries his arm in a huge silken sling and shows the effect of his long confinement. His annoyance with the interview of DALRYMPLE shows plainly.*)

D'ARCY. Convey my compliments to the Colonel. Dalrymple, and tell him I am quite at his service.

DAL. (L.) I'll go direct to Headquarters. We'll be here in a quarter of an hour.

D'ARCY. (C.) I trust you will inform him what I've said about the arrest of Miss Townsend. I can convince him in a minute that it would be the grossest indignity.

DAL. I'll tell him, Jack. Meanwhile don't blame me for leaving a Corporal and guard about the house.

D'ARCY. (*Sarcastically*) As you please. Greg and I might escape otherwise. (*DALRYMPLE laughs and exits at L. 2 E. D'ARCY steps over to GREGORY*) Well, here's a pretty mess.

GREG. (R.) Just because you choose to be polite to Miss Townsend's brother.

D'ARCY. (C. *Impatiently*) I couldn't see 'em string the lad up.

GREG. Well, no one knows what happened that night but yourself, and you'll be very foolish to let anyone know more than you want them to know.

D'ARCY. Faith it's pearls of wisdom you're scattering before me, Greg.

GREG. Don't be piggish and ignore them, then.

D'ARCY. I must save her.

GREG. Keep your wits about you, man! She'll be the mother of little Davids yet.

D'ARCY. Are you mocking me, Greg, or are you mad?

GREG. Neither, may it please your worship.

D'ARCY. I thought you'd had more sense than to have imagined such a thing.

GREG. Why, has the young person been fluttering about you for the past month, if she hasn't designs on you?

D'ARCY. (*Bitterly*) It's a pity, Greg, pity. (*Stiffly*) And please don't speak of her to me as a young person.

GREG. (*Smiling*) I beg her pardon and yours. And what is it they say pity is akin to?

D'ARCY. (*Almost breaking down*) Don't, Greg, don't! I can't bear it. Don't you see it's breaking my heart, man. She gives me pity and tenderness as she'd give it to the child, or some other broken worthless thing, such as I. But her love! She'll keep that for a man; a man that can guard and shield her with his good right arm.

GREG. God forbid, Jack, that I should even think the calumny you breathe against her.

D'ARCY. It is no calumny. Do you think any blame attaches to her? Do you think that I snivel because, angel that she is, she doesn't see fit to fall in love with a piece of a man?

GREG. I think you're working yourself up into a pretty harmful state of excitement, that's what I think. Sit down!

D'ARCY. Curse it, Greg, would you have me take it like a stone image. Next week I sail for England: and what has life for me there? It'll be like ashes in my mouth.

GREG. See here, Jack, what is the use of ruining your happiness for the sake of an idea?

D'ARCY. Don't talk like a philosophical treatise. What do you mean?

GREG. I mean that your beastly pride has choked the common sense out of you. Give the girl a chance.

D'ARCY. Would you have me crawl to her like a crippled beggar, and try to work on her sympathies?

GREG. Perhaps your potential lordship would prefer to have the lady make the advances?

D'ARCY. Greg, you'll drive me mad with your folly. What have I to give her! How on earth could I dare to hope to make her happy? I'm a wreck of a man and no fit mate for her likes.

GREG. Nonsense, you'll be as strong as ever you were in a month. And as for what you have to give her, a pretty estate, an old name, are not to be sniffed at, even by a little American rebel. There is many a London dame that would jump at the chance of being my Lady D'Arcy.

D'ARCY. I can't agree with you, Greg, but what you suggest is impossible. You don't understand women as I do, old man, and there is no use of talking about it further.

GREG. (*Resignedly*) As you please, Jack. And I'm thinking the diet of ashes you spoke of having when you get home, will do you good.

(*SOLDIERS READY.*)

(*The tramp of feet is heard off L., and a SERGEANT with a file of Grenadiers enter arch L.*)

D'ARCY. (*Angrily*) Sergeant, what the devil is this?

SERGEANT. (*Very apologetic on seeing GREGORY and D'ARCY, but salute stiffly*) An arrest, sir.

GREG. An arrest?

D'ARCY. Arrest of whom?

SERG. (*Takes papers from his coat and hands it to D'ARCY*) An order for the arrest of Miss Pamela Townsend.

D'ARCY. (*Opens paper and glances through it, frowning heavily. With a quick glance at GREGORY*) Very well, Sergeant! I will take charge of this. Remove your men to the garden! The examination of the prisoner will take place here. (*Crosses L. Sergeant salutes, gives word of command and exits with the file at L. 2 E.*)

GREG. (*Up a bit*) We must tell her.

D'ARCY. (*Blankly*) Tell her what?

GREG. (*Smiling*) That the way of the transgressor is hard.

(*They are interrupted by the entrance of PAMELA from R. and there is an embarrassing pause.*)

PAMELA. (*Looking from one to the other*) Do I intrude, Doctor—Major D'Arcy?

D'ARCY. Intrusion is a mild word you use, Miss Townsend; we wish you were a thousand miles from where you are.

GREG. Indeed we do. (*Up a bit*).

PAMELA. (*Wonderingly*) What is it?

D'ARCY. I have an order here for your arrest, Miss Townsend——

PAMELA. (*Crosses to c. Shocked*) For my arrest, Major D'Arcy?

(*VOICES READY.*)

D'ARCY. (*Apologetically*) Yes, and the Colonel will be here shortly to conduct the examination.

PAMELA. (*Appealingly*) What am I to do?

D'ARCY. Put yourself in our hands, Miss Townsend, and say as little as possible.

PAMELA. (*C. Determinedly*) I cannot lie.

D'ARCY. (*L. c.*) Couldn't you try, Miss Townsend? I could teach you how if I had the time.

GREG. (*R. c.*) There is such a thing as polite evasion, Miss Townsend, which sometimes answers every purpose.

D'ARCY. (*Confidentially*) All you have to do is to tell the truth, nothing but the truth—and yet not necessarily the whole truth.

(*VOICES HEARD.*)

GREG. (R.) They're coming now!

D'ARCY. (*Quickly*) Be careful what you say; commit yourself to nothing. (*She moves back to alcove at upper R. and stands unobserved as COLONEL JENNISON, MAJOR DALRYMPLE, CAPTAIN FARQUHAR, DACIER and KELTER enter. D'ARCY steps to JENNISON who cordially grasps his hands*) Welcome to you, Sir Edward. The sight of you would do a blind man good.

JENNISON. Well, Jack, it is good to see you on your feet—

D'ARCY. (*Laughing, pointing to his arm in sling*) Ah, Colonel, it's lucky I don't have to walk on my hands; if I did you'd never see me on my legs again.

COL. (*Laughing heartily, the others joining*) When were you hit that night, Jack?

(*All listen.*)

D'ARCY. (*A trifle confused*) Hit? I?—Oh, sir, I was hit when I least expected it.

COL. (*Shaking his head wisely*) Ah, you can never tell about those things.

D'ARCY. (*Volubly*) Never, never, Sir Edward; sure I was never more surprised in my life.

COL. (*Facetiously*) I believe you were half shot before you left the house that night.

D'ARCY. (*Smiling*) There's more truth than jest in that, Colonel. (*Circle up R. Introduces PAMELA*) Allow me to present you, Colonel. Miss Townsend, Colonel, Sir Edward Jennison.

(*The COLONEL bows and PAMELA courtesies.*)

COL. (L. C. GREGORY, R. *A little mystified*) But this is not the Miss Townsend, Jack, the prisoner?

D'ARCY. (R. C.) Yes, sir; but I don't think it necessary to put her in irons.

COL. (*Puzzled—frowning*) Do you mean to say this is the Miss Townsend about whom I heard such dreadful things?

D'ARCY. I know of nothing more dreadful, Sir Edward, than the fact that she has been at my bedside night and day for the past five weeks—ever since my accident.

COL. (*Surprised*) Bless my soul, Jack; am I to understand the prisoner has been nursing you?

GREG. I should have been of little service without her, Colonel.

COL. But is it so, Miss Townsend, that you are a rebel sympathizer?

PAMELA. (C.) I am not only a rebel sympathizer, sir; but I am a rebel.

(GREGORY and D'ARCY look at one another in consternation. COLONEL JENNISON is a bit embarrassed.)

COL. And were you at home on the evening of December 29th?

PAMELA. I was.

COL. And who were the other inmates of the house that night?

PAMELA. Mostly British officers.

COL. (L. C.) And besides—?

PAMELA. (C.) My mother and cousin.

COLONEL. Had you or they any knowledge of the purpose of the meeting that night?

PAMELA. None.

COLONEL. Would you be willing to swear to that?

PAMELA. Yes.

D'ARCY. (R. C.) It is only fair to Miss Town-

send, sir, for me to say that the papers which you left behind you were out of my sight only the few minutes during which I was lighting you out.

DAL. (*Stepping forward L.*) Yes, Colonel, Mayor D'Arcy found them in the pocket of your cloak, just where you had placed them, and handed them to me.

COL. (*Evidently impressed*) Ah, I was not aware of that. Would you be willing to swear Miss Townsend that you overheard nothing that took place in this room on the occasion of the meeting?

PAMELA. (*After a moment's hesitation*) No. (*Her reply causes D'ARCY and GREGORY to look at her anxiously. The COLONEL looks at her steadily*)

COL. (*Impressively*) You did overhear something?

PAMELA. Yes.

COL. What?

PAMELA. Carousing and singing.

(D'ARCY and GREGORY nearly collapse. *Going up R.*)

COL. I hear there is a rumor of a spy having been traced to this house—(PAMELA turns) on the morning of that same day.

PAMELA. I can swear that no spy entered our house that day.

D'ARCY. (*Coming down between PAMELA and COLONEL*) I was present, sir, when the searching party arrived, and I would also be willing to swear that no spy was in the house.

COL. You overheard nothing?

PAMELA. Nothing.

COL. (*Abruptly*) Who issued the order for Miss Townsend's arrest?

(*Bus. about the order.*)

D'ARCY. (*Taking the order from his sash. Com-*

ing down R. of COLONEL) I believe it is signed by you, Sir Edward. (*Hands it to the COLONEL*)

COL. (*Embarrassed, looks at it*) Ah, yes—yes—I remember. (*He moves up back and tears the order in pieces, flinging them in the fire-place or on floor, then comes down L. C.*) Miss Townsend, there has evidently been some grievous mistake and I wish to offer you my very sincere apology for the inconvenience we have caused you. And I should feel myself sadly remiss, Miss Townsend, if I did not take this opportunity of thanking you, not only for myself, but in behalf of my whole regiment for the very generous care which you have bestowed upon one of us. The Guards will not forget your service to Major D'Arcy.

PAMELA. You are very good, sir.

COL. (*Turning to the group of Officers*) Gentlemen! (*They begin to move toward door at L. 2 E.*) Again I thank you, Miss Townsend. Good morning. (*She curtseys very low, crosses R. and sits on sofa R.*) Good-bye, Jack.

D'ARCY. Good morning, Colonel. Good morning to you boys, good morning.

(COLONEL JENNISON and Officers *exeunt* at L. 2 E.)

GREGORY *laughs*, but D'ARCY *bows him out too*, and PAMELA and he are left alone. *Heaving a sigh of relief.*)

PAMELA. (*Seated R. on sofa*) I can never forget the way in which you shielded me from all consequences.

D'ARCY. (*Returning to C.*) Think nothing of that. I knew you'd never do such a thing again—and—and I needed a nurse so badly. As for thanking you for all you've done for me these past weeks, I have no word for it.

PAMELA. (*Rises*) Don't, I beg of you, Major D'Arcy; don't thank me. Forgive me if you can in

your heart, but thanks for what little reparation I have been able to make, stings like a blow.

D'ARCY. Forgive you, Miss Townsend! It was the fortunes of war; I abide by them. And I shall always hold as my sweetest memory, the recollection of my lovely opponent.

PAMELA. (R. C.) You are too generous.

D'ARCY. (L. C.) Generosity is a cheap quality in one who's beaten.

PAMELA. (*Hastily*) I did not mean that Major D'Arcy; believe me. And if I could do anything, oh, anything; to atone for the cowardly advantage I took of you that night——

D'ARCY. (*Interrupting gently*) Pray don't distress yourself, Miss Townsend; all is fair in—war.

PAMELA. You are a magnanimous foe, Major D'Arcy.

D'ARCY. My reward is your saying it. It will be some comfort when I am gone to know that one red-coat lies gently in your thought.

PAMELA. (*Faltering*) It is so— You are going back—soon?

D'ARCY. Yes, I sail next week.

(*There is a pause. PAMELA fumbles in her skirt and brings out the miniature.*)

PAMELA. (*Hands it to him*) Sambo found this on the floor here; I am sure you'll want to take it with you.

D'ARCY. (*Eagerly*) Oh, Miss Townsend, a thousand thanks. I thought it gone; Greg and I have searched high and low for it.

(*WARN CURTAIN.*)

PAMELA. (*Coldly*) I am very glad to restore so precious a thing to you. You are returning to—to her?

D'ARCY. Yes, to her; the dearest, gentlest mother

in the world. This was painted when she was a girl.

PAMELA. (*Almost carried off her feet with joy and surprise, which she struggles to suppress*) Your mother!

D'ARCY. Yes.

PAMELA. I thought——

D'ARCY. (*Looking at her in a startled way, getting a first glimpse of the truth*) You thought?

PAMELA. (*Lamely*) It was your cousin—or——

D'ARCY. (*Moving closer to her, a new look in his eyes*) Or who? Tell me, Pam—Miss Townsend, would you have cared if it had been neither mother nor cousin? (*PAMELA is overcome and can only look down. D'ARCY wavering not daring to believe the truth, comes close to her and speaks pleadingly, urgently*) Tell me, tell me!

PAMELA. (*In a low voice*) I would have cared more—than I dare to show.

D'ARCY. (*Putting his face near hers*) It can't be true.

PAMELA. It is true.

D'ARCY. (*Drawing closer*) Then it's the most beautiful truth in the world. (*Drawing from her*) But it's not pity? You're not taking me out of pity?

PAMELA. Pity?

D'ARCY. You see I'm only a piece of a man. I'm useless.

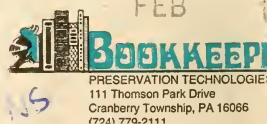
PAMELA. Never say it again, Major, I left you one arm.

(*D'ARCY looks at her. She lowers her head smiling at same time, he looks at his left arm which is farther from PAMELA, quietly strolls around table placing himself to the right of PAMELA, then putting his left arm about her says, "I thank you for the hurt."*)

CURTAIN.



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